

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

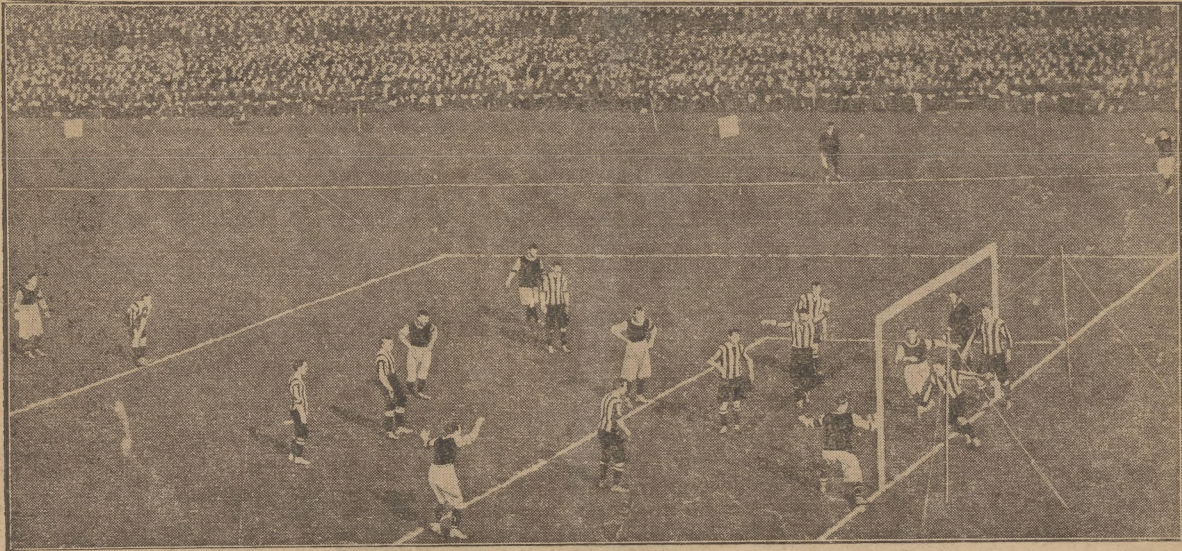
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One Halfpenny.

AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE GREAT MATCH FOR THE FOOTBALL CUP.



An attack on the Newcastle United goal during the match for the Football Association Cup, which was witnessed by over 100,000 people at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. Hall, the Aston Villa left wing forward, makes a splendid centre from a corner conceded by Newcastle United, and Brawn nearly succeeds in scoring. Other photographs of the game appear on page 9.—(Russell.)

JUDGE GRANTHAM ON A HAY CART



Mr. Justice Grantham judging the Bar Point-to-point Races, which were held at North Weald on Saturday, from a hay-cart.

TERRIBLE DISASTER WHICH CAUSED EIGHTY DEATHS NEAR MADRID.



Over four hundred workmen were overwhelmed by the bursting of a reservoir near Madrid, and eighty were killed. This photograph, taken just after the disaster, shows the work of rescue still in progress.

"IF I AM BEATEN, TOGO WILL TELL."

Rojestvensky's Last Message
Till After the Battle.

READY TO FIGHT.

Will Stake All on a General Action
with Japanese.

I shall not telegraph again before the battle. If I am beaten Togo will tell you. If I beat him I will announce it to you.

Such is Admiral Rojestvensky's last word to St. Petersburg till the great coming event has happened.

Everything points to a determination on Rojestvensky's part to fight Togo with his back to Vladivostok.

It also appears that the Japanese navy will have Making, in the Pescadores Islands, for its base, between Formosa and the mainland of China.

Though the date of the great sea fight is still indefinite, it can hardly be far off. The battleground seems certain to be in the neighbourhood of Formosa.

HIS LAST MESSAGE.

The following message from St. Petersburg has been received (states Reuter) by the "Echo de Paris":—"A telegram causing great emotion announces that Admiral Rojestvensky's fleet is going towards Formosa, where it is believed that Admiral Togo's fleet is concentrated.

"No news has been received from Admiral Rojestvensky since his departure from Nossi Bé, except a telegram saying:—

I shall not telegraph again before the battle. If I am beaten, Togo will tell you. If I beat him, I will announce it to you.

FLEET IN TWO PARTS.

HONG KONG, Saturday.—It is rumoured that the Baltic Fleet has split into two sections, one going to the Annam and one to Java.

The P. and O. steamer Poona arrived here last night, having been stopped between Saigon and Singapore and allowed to proceed after being overhauled.

Many colliers are arriving from Durban and Cardiff, and are apparently awaiting orders.—Reuter.

TO WIN OR DIE.

PARIS, Saturday.—It is now certain, telegraphs the "Matin." St. Petersburg correspondent, that Admiral Rojestvensky's fleet is steaming northward, and is at present midway between Saigon and Hong Kong.

Private letters from the officers of Admiral Rojestvensky's fleet declare that the spirit of both officers and seamen is excellent.

All are ready to sacrifice their lives in the supreme struggle for victory.

NOT A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK.

PARIS, Saturday.—The "Matin" St. Petersburg correspondent telegraphs that it is stated at the Admiralty that Rojestvensky's fleet is entire, and that he is not attempting to deceive the Japanese, as this is impossible.

He is not playing hide and seek, but is going forward with the whole of his fleet, and when he meets Togo it will merely be a question of who hits the hardest.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

DYING NOT KILLING.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—A letter from an officer on board the Russian battleship Prince Suvoroff has just been published here.

The officer says:—"I am not going into battle for the purpose of killing, but with the intention of dying for my country.

"If the Port Arthur Squadron had gone out to sea, not for the purpose of destroying the Japanese, but with the intention of perishing for our country, it would have conquered."

COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BRITISH.

PARIS, Sunday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Matin" declares that amongst Russian Admiralty officials strong feelings against England have again arisen on account of Admiral Rojestvensky having complained of the haste with which British vessels have apprised the Japanese by means of wireless telegraphy of the movements of the Russian fleet.—Central News.

TUMULT IN RUSSIA. "VORTEX OF DEATH."

Apprehensions Growing of a Great
Rebellion Among the Peasants.

While Russia apprehensively waits the coming sea fight between Rojestvensky and Togo, the Tsar's vast dominions are threatened at any moment with a great peasant rebellion.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—The peasant movement near Moscow is inspiring serious apprehensions. Many properties on the Moscow-Kazan Railway are being guarded by troops, and numbers of families of landowners are arriving in Moscow.

To the petition addressed by the Holy Synod to the Czar, praying for the convocation of a Council to elect a Patriarch and effect the reform of the Ecclesiastical Administration, his Majesty appended the following remark:—"I find it impossible in the present disturbed times to undertake a task of such magnitude requiring calm and consideration."

"Following the old example of the Orthodox Emperors, I intend, however, as soon as the moment is favourable, to set on foot this great work, and to summon a council of the Old Russian Church for the canonical discussion of questions of faith and ecclesiastical reform."

In view of the feared renewal of demonstrations here the garrison has been reinforced by several sotnias of Don Cossacks.—Reuter.

ASSASSINATION PLOT.

WARSAW, Saturday Evening.—The elaborate precautions which were taken this morning for the protection of General Makinovich, the Governor-General, during his drive to the station are reported to be the consequence of the discovery by the police yesterday of a plot to assassinate him.—Reuter.

FIGHT AROUND THE TSAR.

All administrative spheres are extremely excited by the keen fight around the Emperor.

Amongst Reactionaries and Liberals, the author of the Ukase issued in opposition to M. Witte is stated to be Count Sheremeteff, a man of strong Conservative tendencies.

TIFLIS, Saturday.—The disturbances at Elisabethopol continue. The strikers threaten that they will soon begin to throw bombs instead of stones.—Reuter.

10,000 VIOLENT STRIKERS.

Destroy Finished China, Upset a Motor-Car
and Stone the Police.

LIMOGES, Saturday.—The strikers in the porcelain industry this afternoon marched on several factories, including that owned by M. Theodore Haviland, where, having broken down the doors, they destroyed the finished porcelain and hooted M. Haviland. They also overturned M. Haviland's motor-car, which caught fire.

The mayor, who immediately proceeded to the scene of the disturbance, vainly attempted to pacify the strikers, and finally placed the police powers in the hands of the Prefect.

A force of gendarmes was requisitioned, and a squadron of Chasseurs, having been for some time under a fire of stones and other missiles from the strikers, charged the crowd and cleared the ground. No one was wounded, but a horse was accidentally killed.

The strikers also pillaged two armourers' shops. Two factory owners were assaulted, one being seriously injured, while crossing the barricades on their way home.—Reuter.

The Central News says the rioters numbered 10,000, and five of the chiefs of the firm were wounded.

MANIA FOR STRANGLING.

Insane Mother Takes to Wholesale Choking
of Children.

Terrible murders of children are alleged against Jeanne Weber, a young woman who lived in the Rue-Pre-Mandit at Paris.

M. and Mme. Charles Weber—her brother and sister-in-law—allege that she has strangled their four children and attempted to strangle a fifth.

The theory is that she was driven insane by the death of her own two children, and has since developed a mania of enticing parents to lead her the company of their offspring in her lonely state, and then murdering the little ones by choking them.

The police have the matter in hand. The woman's husband is distracted. "She was so sweet when I married her," he wails in pitiful anguish.

CHAMPION MOTOR-BOAT SUNK.

During the handicap races in connection with the Motor-boat Regatta, at Monaco, on Saturday, Fanhard-Levassor, which won the championship of the sea the previous day, sank.

She was a considerable distance from the shore at the time, but, says Reuter, the crew were saved by the Pi Ouli.

Tragic Finish of a Sensational Music-
Hall "Turn" Causes a Panic.

Mlle. Marcelle Randal died on Saturday in Paris without having recovered consciousness since the finish of her last perilous ride the previous night at the Casino. The lady looped the loop in a motor-car.

"The Vortex of Death," as the "turn" was called, was one of the most sensational feats ever attempted in a music-hall. The car, after rushing down a steep decline, was hurled into the air, and after turning a complete somersault landed on a stage, and shot off again at sixty miles an hour.

It was brought to a stop by a complicated system of levers and brakes.

Mlle. Randal fainted frequently when rehearsing for her public performance, and had long been in by no means a robust state of health. She persisted in carrying out her "turn" despite the doctor's warning and the entreaties of her cousin, who was also her manager.

After she had successfully accomplished the feat it was seen that Mlle. Randal remained motionless in the car, instead of alighting unaided, as usual.

Seeing that something was wrong a panic seized the audience. People rose to their feet in a state of the greatest excitement, protesting vigorously.

Mlle. Randal was found to be suffering from congestion of the brain. She died a few hours later. The medical opinion is that she must have collapsed while rushing headlong down the chute before being thrown into the air.

The Paris police have now forbidden any further performances of this kind.

THE ROYAL HOLIDAY.

King Edward's Visit to Algiers Hailed with
Satisfaction.

PALMA, Saturday.—King Edward and Prince Charles of Denmark yesterday evening paid a visit to the country seat of the Marquis Torre and the Riquelme Poteries, making some purchases at the latter place.

The Rome correspondent of the Central News says, on the authority of the "Tribune," that the Emperor of Germany and King Edward will meet at Messina on Thursday next.

The announcement of the proposed visit of King Edward to Algiers has caused great satisfaction.

PAUL JONES'S GRAVE.

Americans Excited by the Finding of the
Body of the Father of Their Navy.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Sunday.—Great enthusiasm has been caused here by the alleged finding of the body of Paul Jones, father of the American Navy, in the old St. Louis Cemetery.

The head bears a remarkable resemblance to busts of the admiral, and portraits on medals.

The length of the body—5ft. 7in.—is correct, and it showed distinct proofs of the disease from which the admiral is known to have died.

TROOP TRAIN IN COLLISION.

Three Carriages Filled with Recruits Shattered—Four Persons Killed.

Four persons were killed and many seriously injured in the railway collision near Ronco, Liguria. A goods train had stopped in the Givi tunnel, and a passenger train, conveying 150 recruits to Genoa, crashed into it.

Three carriages, filled with soldiers, were shattered. Two relief trains were quickly on the scene, and the work of rescue was proceeded with as rapidly as possible.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ESCAPE.

NEW YORK, Saturday.—President Roosevelt has had a narrow escape on his tour. Two minutes after his train had passed a junction near Newcastle, Colorado, a runaway train was wrecked at the point.—Central News.

NEWCASTLE (Colorado), Sunday.—While President Roosevelt and his party were out bear-hunting yesterday they struck the trail of a bear, and in half an hour succeeded in running it down.

Mr. Roosevelt at first meant to shoot it with his rifle, but being afraid of hitting the dogs, he dismounted, and taking a revolver from the holster shot the bear down.—Reuter.

BUTCHER'S ANCIENT PRIVILEGE.

BERLIN, Saturday.—The Guild of Butchers have begun a course of practice in riding with a view to exercising their ancient privilege of escorting the Crown Prince and his bride through the town on June 3. Almost all the would-be horsemen have taken out policies of insurance.—Laffan.

PALM SUNDAY THUNDERSTORM

Follows on a Glorious Day of
Premature Summer.

EASTER EXODUS BEGUN.

"Mixed weather" is the only phrase applicable to the week-end. Saturday was an ideal day, with splendid summer sunshine all over the country.

Sunday opened splendidly, but did not fulfil its early promise. Early in the afternoon a heavy thunderstorm broke over London, the suburbs, and the south coast, accompanied by torrents of rain.

But from early morning on Saturday to lunch on Sunday nothing could have been brighter. It was good to be alive.

The sun shone on Saturday with almost summer power, and a breeze with a reminiscent touch of winter only served to make things brighter and more pleasant.

From Plymouth and Ilfracombe on the south and west, to Yarmouth, Llandudno, Barrow, and Blackpool on the north-east, delightful conditions prevailed.

AT THE SEASIDE.

All round the coast the sea was calm, and crowds of visitors sunned themselves on the front or floated over the summer sea. London everywhere kept high holiday.

The river at Richmond, Kingston, etc., was gay with boats, and the boatmen are looking forward to a splendid season.

The Easter exodus has already begun. Monte Carlo, Cannes, Pau, and foreign health resorts generally are thronged with visitors of high degree, and places on our own coasts, such as Brighton, Eastbourne, Bournemouth, and Southsea are equally favoured.

The "week-end cottage" boom, too, is in full swing, and hundreds of people have bought, or are buying, labourers' cottages at as little as £250, with an adjoining acre or two of land, where they may retire for a day or two from the bustle of business life.

OBSERVING PASSION WEEK.

Palm Sunday was observed with the usual ceremonies. At therompton, Gray, St. Alban's, Gray's Inn-road, and many other London and country churches, little crosses of palm were blessed and given away at the morning service, and many people were to be seen in London wearing these crosses in their buttonholes. In Wales, as is the usual custom, hundreds visited the cemeteries, and erected piles of flowers on the various graves.

Holy Week is likely to be observed this year with at least the usual strictness. From yesterday to Easter morning many who can afford all life's luxuries will severely stint themselves in their daily food, and will totally ignore either breakfast or lunch.

Certain places of amusement will be closed, notably the Hippodrome Theatre, which will open on Easter Monday for the Shakespeare Festival Week.

In the society world this self-restraint will be followed next week by an outburst of gaiety. Noticeably is this the case with weddings. Owing to Easter falling so late, with the exception of Easter Monday (when no really "smart" weddings can take place) there are only four days between the end of Lent and the beginning of unlucky May. Consequently the rush to get married will be tremendous.

At the present moment at least one hundred society marriages are fixed for this period.

PRINCESS MARGARET'S WEDDING.

Preparations for the wedding of Princess Margaret of Connaught to Prince Gustavus, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, will soon be begun in earnest. The Court will move to Windsor Castle the first week in June for the purpose.

The King of Spain is to visit Windsor before Ascot Races, which the King and Queen will attend in state.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The "Figaro" learns that the Shah of Persia will reach France in June.

The French Minister for Foreign Affairs has just the Kranebitter Klama. His body has been re-Mme. Patti.

An Alpine climber was killed whilst ascending the Kranebitter Klam. His body has been recovered at the foot of a precipice.

Mr. Benjamin Ferguson, a dealer in lumber, has left by his will £200,000 to the city of Chicago, as a fund to erect and maintain statues and monuments to the notable men and women of America.

Alarum rumours of the health of the Emperor Francis Joseph were disposed of by his Majesty paying a visit of condolence to the Archduchess Maria Theresa on the death of her brother-in-law, Prince Henry of Bourbon, Count of Bardi.

GREAT BATTLE FOR THE "COOP." Memorable Scene at the Crystal Palace Match. 100,000 SPECTATORS.

Of the 100,000 persons who witnessed the Football Cup-Final at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, at least 50,000 were visitors from Birmingham and Newcastle who flocked to London to support their respective teams.

It was a bitter disappointment to the keen sportsmen from Tyneside that their renowned "Newcastle United" slipped with the coveted cup at their lips, the "Villans" beating them handsomely by 2 goals to 0. But the "Geordies" took their reverse with "canny" composure.

Great as the game was the multitude was a still more moving spectacle.

They stretched around the great Palace oval, thousands upon thousands of honest, brown faces from the Midlands and the North.

In the trees elm, oak, spruce, plane, beech, and even holly—giving like crows.

They swarmed up the telegraph poles and sat astride the insulators. They straddled the roof of the telegraph office. They looted every plank and ladder in the grounds and improvised stands.

Sight-Seeing Devices.

They dragged refreshment tables from tents and stood on the marble steps. And then, when 90,000 had found footings, if only on up-turned ginger-beer bottles, yet another 10,000 enthusiasts wandered round the outskirts of the mighty throng, plaintively asking those in front the meaning of each ringing cheer and resounding groan.

When the Villans scored a goal in the first five minutes the stands and the trees rocked and swayed.

"Mun," exclaimed a generous "Geordie," as he saw the Birmingham men rush Newcastle's goal, "that was grand! Eh, but we'll beat 'em yet. They're fighters, are our lads."

And fight they did, gallantly, prettily, scientifically, but without avail. "Lost," groaned the "Geordie," setting his grim, hard mouth in the middle of the second half of the game—"they're lost to the wide."

Lost they were, for ten minutes before the end Lawrence was splendidly beaten in goal, and Aston Villa held their good lead till the whistle proclaimed them Cup-holders for 1905-6, to the boundless delight of Birmingham and the Midlands.

"DAILY MIRROR" SCORES.

Keeps Midlands and the North in Constant Touch with the Game.

Thanks to the perfect organisation of the *Daily Mirror*, the result was known in Newcastle and Birmingham within a minute of the finish of play. Telephone lines were cleared for the *Daily Mirror* from the Palace to Whitefriars-street, and thence the *Daily Mirror* headquarters in the homes of the football teams.

The word passed with lightning rapidity. At 5.13 the whistle blew. At 5.14 Newcastle and Birmingham were ringing with the news of defeat and victory.

All through the match the *Daily Mirror* kept the wires hot with messages sent off at ten, fifteen, twenty minute intervals to Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Nottingham, Walsall, Wolverhampton, Durham, Darlington, West Hartlepool, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Bristol, Chatham, Brighton, Lewes, and fifty places in London. To Birmingham alone 828 bulletins were telegraphed by the *Daily Mirror*.

In Birmingham forty-six newspapers' shops, and in Newcastle thirty-seven, received ten-minute bulletins circulated by corps of cyclists and motorists.

In Newcastle the *Daily Mirror* bulletins were taken advantage of by the pitmen fanciers from the surrounding colliery districts, who planted themselves at points of vantage, waving long pigrons in paper bags and at intervals sent them off with messages to their homes conveying intelligence of the great game.

Among the 50,000 visitors to London who saw the great match were a curious band of Cumberland miners, who came under the charge of the Rev. P. W. Pamphlett.

Mr. Pamphlett told the *Daily Mirror* that his party consisted of nearly all unmarried men, and they were all coal-hewers in the Wellington Pit, Whitbaven.

"Citizen's" description of the game and notes will be found on page 14.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

Sir Henry Irving, who has almost recovered from his late indisposition, returns to town next week in order to take part in the final rehearsals of "Becket" at Drury Lane.

The revival of "Becket" will probably be followed by other favourites from Sir Henry Irving's extensive repertory.

FIRE TRAP SCHOOLS.

40,000 More Children May Have To Be Educated at Public Expense.

The astonishing state of London voluntary, or "non-provided," schools is revealed by a bulky report to be presented at to-morrow's meeting of the L.C.C.

No fewer than ninety-two out of the 498 schools within the metropolitan area are condemned utterly, and in consequence 41,884 children will be turned out into the streets. Some of the schools are insanitary, while in many cases if fire occurred the children would be in great peril for want of proper exits. Ill-lighted classrooms, leaky roofs, lack of lavatories, and bad construction are other grounds of objection.

Under the Education Act the Council has power to insist upon "such alterations and improvements in the buildings as may be reasonably required by the local education authority." If a school refuses to comply, the "grant" may be withdrawn.

If the voluntary school authorities carry out all the alterations proposed, the L.C.C. will incur an additional annual financial burden of £224,000, while the total cost to the Council of providing for the elementary education of children now accommodated in non-provided schools would amount to £523,495 a year.

SPORTING JUDGE.

Mr. Justice Grantham in a Farm Cart at the Bar Point-to-Point Races.

Over an excellent three-mile course of typical Essex country the Bar Point-to-point Steeplechases were held on Saturday at North Weald.

A feature of the meeting is the farm-cart, in which the judge—in a double sense takes his stand. As on other occasions, Mr. Justice Grantham filled this post, and Mr. Justice Bucknall was starter.

Conspicuous amongst those present was the Lord Chancellor, looking hale and hearty as ever.

SECOND "RESTORATION."

Enthusiastic Jacobite Hopes That Stuarts Will Again Sit on British Throne.

Hundreds of Highlanders, led by Mr. Theodore Napier, a Jacobite enthusiast, visited Culoden battlefield yesterday, and placed a number of beautiful floral wreaths on the huge cairn raised on the moor to the memory of the Highlanders who fought and died for Prince Charlie.

Afterwards Mr. Napier, who was dressed in the garb of an ancient Highland chief, delivered a panegyric on the Stuart cause.

He regretted the fact that they lived in a prosaic age, and Highlanders were forgetting their garb and imitating the dress of the Southron.

He hoped that the principle that the Stuarts were still heirs to the British Throne would be kept alive.

He did not think the Stuart cause was hopeless, and he looked forward to a second Restoration.

INVENTED THE "WEEK-END."

An Achievement of Oliver Cromwell That Most People Have Overlooked.

Not everyone knows that Oliver Cromwell was the first great Englishman to discover the virtues of the week-end trip to the country.

The chairman at the annual dinner, on Saturday, at the Hotel Cecil, of the Coast Development Corporation, Ltd. (Belle Steamers), said he had the authority of Dr. Gardiner, the historian, for saying that the Lord Protector, after transacting his week's business at Whitehall, "would ride down to Hampton Court for Sunday."

He thought Oliver Cromwell might have found a trip to Margate on the Husbands' Boat even more invigorating.

The new pier at Felixstowe would be ready by the opening of the season, he stated, and South Coast watering-places would have to look to their laurels.

WHERE RATES ARE HEAVY.

Attention will be drawn at to-morrow's meeting of the London County Council to Poplar's serious financial position.

On March 31st last the total amount of the borough council's losses was £531,786, exclusive of applications for £69,778 now being considered.

This represents 64.9 per cent. of the rateable value, and the London County Council will keep a vigilant eye on any fresh expenditure.

MUNICIPAL MUSIC-HALL FOR LONDON?

Another suggestion for the utilisation of the vacant island site in the Strand will be made at an early meeting of the London County Council.

It is that a hall for music, dramatic representation and recreation be provided for the public.

MR. EVAN ROBERTS.

Four Doctors Say He Is Sane, but Wants Rest.

CHARGE OF HYPNOTISM.

The health of Mr. Evan Roberts, the Welsh evangelist, has recently given rise to the most serious apprehensions.

To the most casual eye he is no longer the same man physically that he was before entering into his gigantic labours. On Saturday Mr. Roberts was examined by four leading Liverpool physicians, all specialists—Dr. James Barr, Dr. William Williams, Dr. Bickerton, and Dr. McAfee—who jointly signed the following certificate:—

We have to-day examined Mr. Evan Roberts. We find him mentally and physically quite sound. He is suffering from the effects of overwork. We consider it advisable that he should have a period of rest.

Evangelist Himself Again.

Evan Roberts was, however, himself again on Saturday. Those who attended his meeting in the Princes-road chapel saw in him only the smiling and engaging but earnest youth who set the revival a flame in the little Welsh village of Loughor.

Mr. Roberts is well aware of the unfriendly criticism that his eccentric behaviour of Friday night, when he refused to speak for over three hours, has brought upon him from a large number of people who were hitherto in sympathy with him and his work.

To-morrow morning he will depart for some secluded country place, the name of which is being kept a close secret.

Here he will recuperate for a fortnight, before beginning his revival tour in North Wales.

Saturday night's meeting passed off quietly, but there is good reason for believing that wherever he goes the young missioner will now be challenged and opposed by a section of Welsh churchmen, who dislike his methods.

One of the most active and determined of Evan Roberts' opponents is the Rev. Daniel Hughes, of the English Baptist Church, Clontarf.

Mr. Hughes, who is only four years Evan Roberts' senior, himself worked like Roberts as a boy in a Welsh colliery, and began to preach when in his teens.

Suspects Hypnotism.

He now expresses a deep conviction that Mr. Roberts has been studying the methods of the hypnotists.

This style of impressing people Mr. Hughes considers to be quite justifiable, so long as his purpose is to do good, but he adds:—

"When Evan Roberts claims to receive messages from High Heaven, and dogmatically asserts that the Free Church of Wales is not founded on a Rock, by which I presume he means Christ, then I think it is time sane men protested from such use of the name of the Holy Spirit, which is blasphemy."

It was Mr. Hughes, who challenged the evangelist on Friday night, but the matter does not end there.

He adds: "I hope to follow this young genius (for genius he is) through the country, to deliver a lecture in English and Welsh, entitled 'Evan Roberts Explained and Exposed.'"

The Rev. W. O. Jones, in an interview on Saturday, declared that Evan Roberts had created a great deal of bitterness and made a reconciliation almost impossible.

The reverend gentleman said Mr. Roberts acted more like a conjurer than an Evangelist. He suspected him of common hypnotic tricks at the Sun Hall meeting, else beyond feeling some slight resistance, how could he have known that a man was trying to hypnotise him.

He never was at a service with less religion in it than that.

MINISTER'S DISAPPEARANCE.

Pathetic Message Found Under a Huge Stone on the Brink of a Cliff.

Mr. Stanley Osborne, a Wesleyan minister attached to the St. Helens circuit, and a native of Padstow, where he has been staying for the past three weeks on account of his health, left home on Saturday morning to call on his doctor, and has not since been seen. A search made by his friends resulted in the discovery of his umbrella on the cliffs, which at this point are of considerable height.

Beside the umbrella was found a large stone, with the following message:—

"My dear mother and sisters,—Pray forgive me. The Lord has heard my cry. He knows I have not been accountable for my doings recently. When left alone I am simply mad, but I am forgiven, and I am now simply raving and am going over."

Continued interruption in the cable has caused the indefinite postponement of the Anglo-American chess match.

FOX HUNT IN LONDON.

Reynard Chased Through the Streets by Hawkers and Shopkeepers.

South London enjoyed the pleasures of the chase on Saturday.

Marketing in the New Cut was in full swing when suddenly a fox made its appearance, and a scene of great excitement followed. Costermongers, hawkers, and shopkeepers left their businesses and joined in the chase.

Some alarm was caused amongst the women who were in the street by a cry that a wolf had escaped from its cage, and many sought refuge in neighbouring shops.

As Reynard neared the Blackfriars-road, pursued now by nearly four hundred people and half a dozen yelping dogs, he doubled upon his pursuers, and dashing underneath a fruiterer's stall turned into a narrow cut, at the end of which was a wheelwright's yard. There he attempted to jump through a cartwheel, but became wedged between two of the spokes.

A secondhand furniture-dealer named Penver seized the fox by its brush, hauled it forth, swung its head underneath his coat, and triumphantly carried it out into the New Cut. Finally it was placed in the care of a fancier near by and shut up in a cage.

TO KILL CONSUMPTION.

Urgent Need of Sanatoria To Aid in Stamping Out the Disease.

Palaces were not wanted; 200 beds would accommodate 4,000 patients in a year, and the cost would not exceed £130,000 per annum.

This was how Kensington's medical officer of health explained on Saturday to the Metropolitan Asylums Board the objective of a deputation, including himself, which presented a memorial urging the need of sanatoria for the treatment of consumptives.

Sir William Broadbent said there were between 40,000 and 50,000 cases of tuberculosis in London every year; it was safe to say 7,000 or 8,000 were in the early stages of the disease. He urged that the Board should deal with tuberculosis as a whole. They would then be able to obtain the fullest information to aid them in stamping out the disease.

Huts would mainly prove sufficient for the treatment recommended.

The chairman of the Board promised the most careful consideration.

"SPOTTED FEVER."

Richmond Man Suffering from a Disease That Has Caused Vast Havoc Abroad.

Thomas Henry Allen, of Richmond, coachman to Mr. Clifford Edgar, J.P., who is lying at King's College Hospital, is undoubtedly suffering from "spotted fever," or cerebro-spinal meningitis.

This fearful malady, which slays from 70 to 80 per cent. of those it attacks, has for some weeks been raging in Central Europe and in America.

In New York alone 148 persons died from it last week, and its appearance in England naturally causes anxiety.

On inquiry at the hospital the *Daily Mirror* was informed yesterday that the bacillus of the disease—the "diphtheria intracellularis meningitis"—had been identified, that the patient was isolated, and that, so far, there was no possibility of the disease spreading.

In the Dublin outbreak some years ago the victims were nearly all members of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

£10,000 FIRE.

A fire, estimated to have done £10,000 worth of damage in two hours, occurred at Tyne Dock on Saturday evening, and practically destroyed the headquarters of the Industrial Co-operative Society.

A new engine was used for the first time capable of throwing out 350 gallons per minute.

FIREMEN CANNOT BE SPARED.

The Mayor of Calais has invited members of the London Fire Brigade to an international fire brigade festival to be held at Calais on August 13. The Fire Brigade Committee of the London County Council, however, regrets that men and engines cannot be spared to accept the invitation, the strength of the brigade being only what is absolutely necessary to effectively deal with fires in London.

SIR T. W. REID'S NOTEPAPER WILL

The estate of the late Sir T. Wemyss Reid, the well-known author and journalist, who was managing director from 1887 of Messrs. Cassell and Co., has been declared of the gross value of £9,340 17s. His will was made on a sheet of notepaper, and he left all he possessed to his wife, for her life, with reversion to his child.

TRAGEDY OF THE TIN TRUNK.

Important Facts May Be Revealed at the Inquest To-day.

GREAT PUBLIC INTEREST.

Intense interest is being displayed all over the country in the horrible trunk tragedy at Harlesden. Throughout yesterday crowds gazed at the house in Milton-avenue, in which a ghastly crime is supposed to have taken place.

Many people collected also outside Bannister's Depository in Buller-road, where the trunk and its awful contents were stored. Both Milton-avenue and Buller-road were thronged with motor-cars, bicycles, and photographers.

The inquest upon the bodies of Mrs. Devereux and her twin sons will be held at three o'clock this afternoon by Dr. Gordon Hogg, the West Middlesex coroner, at the Kilburn Coroner's Court. Dr. Pepper, the Home Office expert, and Mr. Robertson have made an autopsy.

Throughout Friday and Saturday these experts were busy with their gruesome work, and portions of the bodies were removed for closer examination.

Contrary to many reports, the *Daily Mirror* is able to state positively that there was a considerable amount of blood on the clothes of the dead woman, while the head of one of the babies was also smeared with blood.

The police have been drawing together all the threads of evidence, and their investigations are being carried on in each town in which the Devereux family lived.

Significant Position of the Body.

Important conclusions are drawn from the position of the body of the dead woman. It is well known that rigor mortis, a rigidity of the limbs, sets in soon after death. The woman must have been doubled up in the box before it supervened—or was it possible at a later date by force to compel the dead limbs into the position grimly but graphically described by Detective-inspector Pollard as "fresh-frozen."

A pathetic interest attaches to the living child, Stanley. This little boy of six may be a witness at the trial. He is understood to have been brought from school at Kenilworth, and to be in his grandmother's charge.

Meanwhile Arthur Devereux, the *Daily Mirror* learns, still preserves that calm, unconcerned demeanour which was so noticeable in the police court. He has had long conferences with his solicitor, Mr. Pierson, and is confident of proving his innocence.

In the statement he handed to the police at Coventry, not read in court, he has set up the identical defence made by his brother to the *Daily Mirror* on Friday night. He alleges that his wife killed the children and committed suicide afterwards.

He points out that he left his Coventry address behind him in London, and while in the employment of Alderman Bird made no attempt to hide or conceal his identity in any way.

USEFUL POLICE WHISTLE.

Lady Scares Burglars While Entering the Dining-room Window.

A police whistle is a useful article to have in the house for the scaring of burglars.

Mrs. Percy du Croi, St. John's Wood-road, proved this when, looking out of her bedroom window at two in the morning, she saw two men climbing through the dining-room window.

The men were scared by the whistle and quickly disappeared over the garden wall, but not before the shrewd lady had had a good look at them. At Marlyebone on Saturday she positively identified Henry Silver and William Phillips, flower-sellers, Holt-passage, Paddington, as the men who had disturbed her slumbers.

Six weeks before the lady said she had seen them at the corner of the street, and was struck by the way they looked at her jewellery.

The men were committed for trial.

LITTLE BOY'S APPEAL IN COURT.

A touching little drama was enacted at the Guildhall Police Court on Saturday.

A drunken mother, who begged in the streets on the pretence of selling flowers, was being led to the cells after her two little children had been taken from her to go to a workhouse.

Evading the policeman, her four-year-old boy came into court shouting in a clear treble voice, "Mummy, Sissy wants you."

The children of the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at Marlborough House on Saturday afternoon from Sandringham.

MEDICAL MIRACLE.

Lady Paralysed in Her Youth Taught to Walk After Twenty Years.

By effecting the cure of a woman who had been without the use of her limbs and almost speechless for twenty years, through hysterical paralysis, science has wrought a miracle that can only be compared with the wonders reported from Lourdes.

The "Lancet" describes the case on the authority of the medical Press of America. The woman was stricken down at the age of nineteen. Twenty years after, in September, 1903, a deliberate attempt was commenced to cure her of her "absolutely incurable" paralysis.

She was told she could be taught to speak by developing "head tones" in the way pupils without natural singing voices learn to sing. She was told to take hold of her nose and try to say "nee." After a week's practice she succeeded. In this way she began to use her vocal chords. The next exercise was to make the combination "hm-nee-ah," the first sound being made with the mouth closed.

No one would help teach her because the proceeding was considered silly and impracticable!

But she faithfully practised alone, and science and faith triumphed. Her voice was regained.

Then one of her legs was dealt with. A plaster bandage was put on to prevent the knee from bending. Every day she was made to stand and attempt to walk, the right leg being pushed along while she was held. It was found that she had completely lost the power of balancing. For the first six weeks she could not make any movement in the leg, not even of the toes. Then the plaster was taken off and the muscles stimulated with electricity.

Little by little the use of her limbs was restored, and now, at forty-one, she is a healthy member of society.

FOOTBALL FOR APPRENTICES.

Boy Tells a Strange Story of How He Was "Taught His Trade."

The business methods of Owen Fielder and Sidney Fielder, who describe themselves as builders and electrical engineers, at Clatham-place, Hackney, were investigated at the North London Police Court on Saturday.

They are alleged to have obtained money in the shape of premiums for apprenticeship by false pretences.

One of their ex-"apprentices," whose father was to have paid £20 for him to learn electrical engineering from him, said his first work was to help in converting "a bootshop into a barber's."

He certainly pulled down the old electrical wires and casing, but his principal work was waiting on the plumber and fetching half-pounds of nails. He was not taught his trade.

Mr. Fordham: What did you do?

The Boy: Well, the governors were away three days of the time, and we four apprentices played football.

Remanded.

RUN DOWN BY MOTOR-CAR.

Jury Thinks Man's Life Might Have Been Saved by Prompt Application of Brake.

The death of James Thomas Grimble, aged thirty-four, a clerk, who was killed by being knocked down by a motor-car and run over by a van, was investigated at the Westminster coroner's court on Saturday.

Grimble was crossing Vauxhall Bridge-road when he found himself between an omnibus and a van.

A motor-car suddenly appeared behind the omnibus, and the driver of the car put on speed to get into the middle of the road, knocking Grimble down.

The car was going at eight miles an hour at the time, and, though the driver cut off the current directly he saw the man, the car was carried on by its own momentum.

"I pulled up as short as ever I could," explained the chauffeur, "but the man was right on the car."

The jury returned a verdict of "death by being knocked down by a motor-car, which could have been avoided had the driver applied the brake promptly."

POINT IN SUNDAY TRADING.

A prosecution for Sunday trading against Mr. Marchi, a master baker, of Marlesfield-street, Shaftesbury-avenue, was defeated at Marlborough-street Police Court on Saturday by the very Act of George IV. under which it was taken.

The defence successfully pleaded that a master, under the enactment, was not responsible for the acts of his servants or of anyone using his premises. In this case the premises were not used on Sunday by Mr. Marchi, against whom the summons was dismissed.

No fewer than 5,000 robberies from penny-in-the-slot gas-meters belonging to the South Metropolitan Gas Company took place last year.

MANIAC INCENDIARY.

Probable Key to Many Strange London Fires.

FIGHT WITH MADMAN.

An amazing story of how an insane man, now in Colney Catch, has been traced as the author of many mysterious fires which occurred recently at a large manufactory at Westminster, has just come to light.

The man's name is Inwood, and on Saturday a magisterial certificate of his insanity enabled the police to remove him to safe custody.

The fires broke out in the showrooms of Messrs. W. Sugg and Co., the well-known manufacturers of gas fittings and appliances at their works in Vincents-square, Westminster.

The first was on March 17, when damage estimated at £40,000 was done.

On March 22 a number of trusses of straw were discovered to be alight in a portion of the building hitherto untouched by fire.

Hardly had the men returned from extinguishing this than another alarm sounded, and they found a fresh blaze in a room saturated with oil.

On April 4 the room exactly under the apartment in which the salvage men were keeping watch was found to be burning briskly under the encouragement of a three-gallon drum of lubricating oil.

Anonymous Writer's Delight.

All these occurrences took place in the early morning, and the police were more mystified by the receipt of anonymous letters emphasising the delight the writer experienced at these disasters.

Inspector Fuller, after minute investigations, found that the writing resembled that of Inwood, who was once with the firm, and had been dismissed for incompetence.

"It's a lie," thundered the man, when seen at his home in Battersea; "I swear I never did."

"How can you say so, Joe?" said his small sister, who was standing by, "when you know I posted the letters for you."

The next development was an agonising appeal from Mrs. Inwood to Mr. Mantle, the relieving officer of Battersea.

When Mr. Mantle arrived Inwood made such a desperate struggle for freedom that the relieving officer had to send for two constables.

He was nearly overpowered by the frantic maniac when the policemen arrived, and the patient was secured.

In his possession were a loaded pistol and a knife.

ANGLER'S CATCH OF GOLD.

Quantity of Gold Rings and Watches Hooked in the River Colne.

Great was the surprise of a North London angler on Saturday who, while fishing with rod and line in the River Colne, caught a bag containing forty-eight gold rings and eighty watches, mostly stripped of their cases.

By reason of its weight the catch was as difficult to land as a good fish, and at first the angler thought his hook had become entangled among some weeds.

How the jewellery and watches came to be in the river between High Barnet and St. Albans is a mystery.

It is supposed to have been the booty of burglars in the Pentonville district, who have been disturbed in the act of wrenching the gold cases off the watches, and in their fear of detection had thrown the rest of their spoil into the river.

TALENTS IN THE DOCK.

Man Speaking Seven Languages Has a Dislike for Picking Oakum.

Before going to prison for two months' hard labour on Saturday for cutting the hood of a motor-car, Albert John Carolan, an "English, French, and Latin" compositor, had several favours to ask of the magistrate at Westminster.

He desired the Court to put an advertisement in the papers offering his services as a compositor.

Knowing seven languages, he hoped his sentence would not be accompanied by drudging and ruffianly labour.

He would even prefer tailoring to oakum picking, which was his pet aversion.

Besides, if the authorities would refrain from cutting his hair and beard he should feel obliged.

He offered to pay for the damage to the motor-car hood by instalments; but as fines are never paid that way, the polyglot compositor went to prison.

LIVED WITH FRACTURED SPINE.

A peculiar case of a man who lived two months after he had fractured his spine came before the Hammersmith deputy coroner on Saturday.

The man was treated at the West London Hospital.

MANNERS FOR THE RIVER.

What You Must Not Do on Board the New Thames Steamers.

People who intend to use the London County Council steamboats, which will soon be running on the river, will do well to make a study of the fourteen by-laws, with their twenty subdivisions, which will be presented to the Council to-morrow for confirmation.

You are forbidden to:—

Smoke tobacco in any waiting-room or on any pier.

Be drunk or beg for alms, sound or play on any instrument.

Sing, recite, dance, or shout to the annoyance of other passengers, or when requested by the captain to desist.

Take any dog on board without a chain.

Bet, gamble, or play games of chance.

Throw down any kind of fruit or other refuse, or advertising bill or placard.

Captains and officers will be able to forbid any person bringing a bicycle or perambulator on board if either would cause inconvenience to the passengers.

Wages for the staff of the boats will range from the magnificent 50s. a week of the captain down to 24s. for second-deck hands and 80s. for stokers and pier-men.

The hours will be limited to sixty a week, with time and a half for overtime, and one day's rest in seven.

TRAGEDY OF A FLAT.

Morphia Victim Shoots Himself While His Friend Waits in the Next Room.

Francis Barron, a middle-aged man of independent means, sat smoking in evening dress with a friend in his chambers in Oxford-street the other night.

He seemed in his usual health.

"I'll just go in my bedroom and put on my dressing-gown," he remarked. Soon afterwards there was a muffled shot, and he was found sitting by a table dead, with a revolver beside him.

He had been known to suffer from the morphia habit, but had almost broken himself of it.

On Saturday it was decided by a Westminster jury that he had committed suicide.

HOUSEFUL OF MEASLES.

Father's Cool Admissions Concerning Failure to Isolate His Family.

Several admissions made to the Battersea coroner on Saturday by Henry Willcocks, a Battersea carpenter, whose child died after an attack of measles, were extraordinarily cool.

Three of his other children were suffering from measles. He had not isolated them nor notified the authorities.

The Coroner: Do you mean to say that you are not aware that measles are a contagious disease and should be notified to the authority?—No. I'm pretty well informed on most things, but I didn't know that.

The Coroner: But surely you thought of your neighbours.—Yes, I did think of them. I am a philanthropist.

The Coroner: Strange philanthropy! The jury, however, expressed a verdict that death arose from heart-failure, and censured the parents.

ANOTHER RICHMOND.

Plaint of an Elderly Man Who Fell a Victim to Cupid's Charms.

Mr. Walter C. Boyes, who is no longer a young man, complained to the South-Western police magistrate on Saturday of the treatment he received at the hands of Mrs. Ida Safe, of Wandsworth, and James Harvey, of Glasgow.

Boyes met Mrs. Safe three years ago at Bourne-mouth, where he had a house he subsequently sold for £2,500.

A great attachment sprang up between them, and he went to live with his first at Bourne-mouth and then in London.

Harvey appeared on the scene, and Boyes said that he not only superseded him, but knocked him about.

Mrs. Safe, who denied certain suggestions as to her conduct with Harvey, was ordered to give up certain of Mr. Boyes's goods she had detained. Harvey was fined 20s. for assault.

NATURAL DEATH DURING OPERATION.

Natural causes were responsible for the death of the Hon. Alice Monck, of Kesteven-road, Fulham, who died in Charing-cross Hospital whilst undergoing high-frequency electrical currents for gonitis.

The doctors told the coroner on Saturday that death was caused by hemorrhage of the brain. She would probably have died just the same if she had been sitting elsewhere than on the electrical couch.

SUBURBAN LOVE STORY.

Balham Dancing Master Too Poor To Marry His Sweetheart.

LUCRE AND LOVE.

All Balham takes the keenest interest in the love romance of Mr. Frank Richards, the young and handsome teacher of the violin and dancing who last week obtained a verdict of £150 damages against the mother of his fiancée, Miss Leest.

One of Mrs. Leest's objections to the marriage was that Mr. Richards was not well enough off.

Balham asks itself, "Will they marry?" Mr. Richards may never receive this £150, as the verdict has been appealed from.

To the *Daily Mirror* Mr. Richards told the story of his romantic attachment to Miss Leest.

His First and Only Love.

"I first met Miss Leest," he said, "at a dancing-class in Balham, shortly after I had opened my music-shop here. Previously I had never taken interest in any young lady, and had never even accompanied one to a theatre.

"Very soon my friendship with Miss Leest developed into something more, and resulted in our engagement. She was my first love, and will always be my only love.

"It was certainly not on my account that she left home. Two years before I knew Miss Leest she almost decided to leave her mother's shelter, and again a little later, but I persuaded her to stay. Finally, when she did leave her mother, in 1902, she found that she was absolutely without means, and was forced to earn her own living. Thus it was she came to help me in the shop. Now Miss Leest is a talented vocalist.

"It is impossible for me to say when I shall be able to marry Miss Leest. At present I work hard at private tuition, and am also professor of the violin at Clapham College, which is controlled by the L.C.C. Before marriage can be thought of I must add to my business.

Business Is Bad.

"My business is in a bad way," sighed the musician, "but we are going to stick to it."

Miss Leest, who is tall, with blue eyes and a mass of curly, fair hair, told her story also.

"Though I left home so romantically," she said, "I am quite content to work for my own living. It seems to come naturally to us all. Three of my sisters, quite young girls, are also working.

"Though my engagement to Mr. Richards was broken off there was no quarrel between us. I know he loves me dearly, but he is too honourable to bind me by any promise while his financial position is not good."

Photographs of Mr. Richards and Miss Leest appear on page 8.

THE NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Part III. Ready To-morrow, and, as the Demand is Huge, It Should Be Ordered at Once.

The immense interest taken by the public in "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" gives importance to the fact that the third fortnightly part will be ready to-morrow.

The extraordinary demand for the first two parts—which are still on sale—exceeded all the anticipations of the publishers, and, in consequence, considerable delay took place in fulfilling the repeat orders which poured in from the newspapers everywhere.

It is not, however, anticipated that this difficulty will occur to-morrow. An enormous edition of Part III. has been prepared, and it is confidently hoped that everyone in the United Kingdom will receive his copy promptly. At the same time it cannot be too strongly urged that the only way to make sure of the prompt delivery of each fortnightly part of the cheapest book in the world is to place an order with the nearest newsagent. In this way both trouble and inconvenience will be saved.

Part III. is in every way equal in interest and value to its predecessors. The 1,200 articles which it contains deal with a range of subjects of extraordinary interest and are profusely illustrated with maps and other engravings. Each article is the latest work of a living expert, and has been kept open till the moment of going to press in order that the latest information may be given.

The complete encyclopædia, which will form eight handsome volumes, containing 50,000 articles, will cost the nominal sum of 28s. 4d.—little more than the monthly instalment which hitherto has had to be paid to procure a costly and out-of-date work of reference.

The system of publication in fortnightly parts at sevenpence each brings the most up-to-date encyclopædia in the world within the reach of everyone. A halfpenny a day is all that is needed to secure it.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Lord Roberts has consented to visit York in August and unveil the roll of honour erected in the Guildhall to the citizens who served in the late South African war.

Fifteen volunteers from the Transvaal will compete at Bilsley this year.

Fences and ornamental trees have been cut down by moonlighters on the King Harman estate, Boyle.

Fined at Chiswick for being intoxicated, it was stated that a man was so drunk that he fell down and broke his wooden leg.

In a motor-car collision at Felixstowe a horse attached to a tradesman's cart was so severely injured that it had to be shot at once.

Children in the country homes under the care of the Stepney Board of Guardians have had a gramophone presented for their amusement.

For sixty years a chorister at Leicester, Mrs. Grundy has just retired at the age of seventy-one. She has many times sung as a soloist in Peterborough Cathedral.

There were no prisoners for the Mayor of Cardiff to try on Saturday, and for the third time since his accession to the office this year his worship was presented with white gloves.

Known as the Medway "Robinson Crusoe" because he lived alone in an old yacht on the river, William Kingsnorth was sent to gaol for eight months at Rochester on Saturday for stealing coals.

Since a Hull captain's dog refused to accompany his master on board ship some weeks ago, the vessel has been lost. A friend of the captain, who found the animal, has been fined for keeping it without a licence.

If the proposal be approved the County Council hope to lessen London's din by enforcing a by-law making it a punishable offence for people to create unnecessary noise.

At Dudley there is a dog possessing a glass eye. The operation was cleverly performed by a local veterinary surgeon.

Stepney Council fear they will be surcharged for the cost of repairing the borough mace. It is their first offence in this direction.

Falcon-square Congregational Church, London-wall, is being removed to Harrow, where 1,000 people will be accommodated.

During the hearing of a compensation case at Leigh it was stated that many one-eyed men work in coal-pits, particularly in Lancashire.

In London and neighbourhood the proportion of districts reporting exceptional distress was one-half in March, as compared with two-thirds in February.

Scantily attired in a blanket, an Italian suffering from religious mania created a sensation in the streets of Newport (I.W.). After a violent struggle, he was removed to the asylum.

Of the several enthusiasts in Cardiff who decided last summer to wear no hats only one has had the courage to go through the rigours of the winter months without headgear.

"This is the best season of the year for arriving in Canada," says a report in the "Labour Gazette," which also records a strong demand for capable single men and boys used to farming.

Two houses in Upper Wortley, Leeds, were struck by lightning during a thunderstorm. A chimney stack was demolished, two bedroom ceilings were damaged, and the furniture broken.

MUMMIES FROM THE GRAVES OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE.



The site on which stood the ancient city of Carthage, once the dreaded foe of Rome, is now being explored for mummies. Our photograph shows one of the many mummies being hoisted from its grave.

Tainted milk has caused a serious outbreak of scarlet-fever at Cambridge.

Wimbledon's free library committee has rejected a motion to black out betting news from papers.

Three feet high, and weighing three stones, a dwarf lady, in her seventieth year, is staying at a village on the Humber.

Attention will be drawn in the House of Commons to-morrow to complaints of an insufficient number of shillings and sixpences in circulation.

Two men have been debarred from driving L.C.C. electric cars on account of defective colour vision. Places have been found for them as points-men.

In nine years a boy named Walter Bartram, who attended Newbold church school, Derbyshire, was neither late nor absent once, except for a fortnight when he was excluded because of a case of measles in the family.

Two ships' boats, one containing provisions and water casks, have been picked up on the north beach at Bridlington. Apparently they belonged to the Royal Standard, which ran upon the Smithwick Sands, but afterwards refloated.

"A man of my education and knowledge of the world would not have committed the offence in the way described by the officials," said a tramp when committed for trial at Northampton. He was charged with attempting to break into a railway booking office.

Wisely taking the advice of the police, the Nottingham labourer who was recently found to have been carrying the savings of fourteen years stitched in his clothes has placed the money in a bank. He had in his possession £80 in gold, £155 3s. 6d. in silver, and 24d. in copper.

Gipsy Smith, the well-known missionary, conducted a midnight march at Cambridge on Saturday.

With evident relish a number of coloured women entertainers made a meal of the paste left in a bill-poster's can at Barnsley.

Strongly objecting to being called "a pig dealer," a man at the Islington Police Court was mollified when the description was altered to "a dealer in pigs."

Within an hour of the death of his wife, by whose bedside he had watched for months, an old man named Matchett also passed away near Newtown Hamilton, Co. Armagh.

Formerly a lion-tamer and now advertising agent to a well-known firm of whisky manufacturers, Mr. Sydney Milles makes his home in a saloon Pullman carriage, in which he journeys from district to district. He is at present at Harrow.

While stopping to speak to a friend, a farmer named Hale, of Kilkeel, Co. Down, was thrown from his cart. He became entangled in the traces and was dragged half a mile along the sea beach and through a river. His condition is precarious.

Among the curiosities of the Republic, says a Consular report, just issued on the trade of Nicaragua, is a lake whose waters act as a soap, a hairwash, a cure for skin diseases and rheumatism and an "efficient remedy" for several internal complaints.

Someone in Pwllheli wanted the minutes of the board of guardians recorded in Welsh. "The minutes must be in English," replied the Local Government Board, "but the guardians have power, if they deem it advisable, to incur the expense of a duplicate series in Welsh."

GREAT RESERVOIR DISASTER.

Photographs of the Terrible Collapse at Madrid.

TO-DAY'S PICTURES.

Seldom has lack of foresight resulted in such a terrible disaster as that which recently stirred the inhabitants of Madrid at once to the profoundest sorrow and the wildest rage.

A great reservoir covering an area of 12,000 square yards has just been completed, and was being subjected to resistance trials. It was roofed over, and some 450 workmen were busy laying earth on this roof, which was to be turned into a pleasure garden. These men were not taken from their occupation while the trials were being made, and when the reservoir collapsed under the pressure nearly all of them were buried without a chance of escape.

SCORES CRUSHED AND MANGLED.

The collapse was accompanied by a noise like thunder, and great clouds of dust followed. Thousands of people rushed to the scene, among them being Ministers of State, medical men, officers of the army, and priests. The work of rescue was splendidly organised, and the buried men were quickly disinterred, but scores of them were crushed and mangled beyond recognition. Over eighty are believed to have been killed, and the hospitals were filled with men suffering from the most terrible injuries.

Around the collapsed reservoir shown in the photograph taken soon after the disaster, which appears on page 1, the most harrowing scenes were witnessed. Wives, mothers, children, and sweethearts found the crushed bodies of their dear ones, and several went mad under the terrible strain.

King Alfonso drove there at once in his motor-car, and encouraged the rescuers. He was cheered by the people. But their opinion of the contractors, whom they regarded as being responsible for the accident, was recorded in no uncertain fashion. Thousands of workmen marched to the works to make a hostile demonstration, and they had to be dispersed by force, several people being injured in the affray.

BRILLIANT FENCING AT WESTMINSTER.

Some of the finest swordsmen in this country assembled at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Saturday last to take part in an assault-at-arms arranged in honour of Mr. Joseph Renaud, as a mark of appreciation for services rendered to swordsmanship in England, and simultaneously to accord a benefit to Professor Dangy, who for the past fifteen years has instructed at least 50 per cent. of the leading amateurs in this country. The most exciting bouts of the day were between Mr. Renaud and Mr. R. Montgomerie (English amateur foil champion) and C. Newton Robinson (Mons. J. Dangy and Don Miguel de Beistegui, of the Mexican Embassy). Others who took part in a most interesting display were Miss Evelyn Bear, the brilliant lady fencer whose photograph is reproduced on page 8, Professors Fred. Macpherson, Jules Morel, and Alibert and R. E. Pontau.

HAVEN FOR WORKERS.

Notable Attempt to Solve the Housing Problem of London.

The new garden city, which has been established at Letchworth, celebrated its first gala day on Saturday under bright and hopeful prospects.

The new station was opened, the Grand Hotel, justly proud of a Jacobean mantelpiece and a baronial hall of the fifteenth century type, threw open its hospitable doors, and Mr. Ralph Neville, K.C., the chairman of the company, played off the first ball on the new golf links.

There was a large party of sympathisers with this scheme of providing at reasonable rates proper and healthy accommodation for the growing mass of London's workers.

The Great Northern Railway Company's inducement are a season ticket for £20 and a service of fast trains.

Part III.

THE

HARMSWORTH ENCYCLOPÆDIA

ON SALE

IN THE MORNING. Price 7d.

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"O. K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!!
"O. K." SAUCE But all good housewives
"O. K." SAUCE know that the cold joint
"O. K." SAUCE is made attractive with
"O. K." SAUCE Mason's "O.K." Sauce.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 17, 1905

WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

TO the wonders of science there is no end, for when the scientist is tired of any particular "fact" he adopts the simple method of changing it for another. Theories, of course, were always liable to be upset at a moment's notice, but nowadays we upset the facts, too, and turn them into fallacies in the process. Of all facts none suffers more than the medical variety, and the most recent victim is connected with alcohol.

For many years we believed that alcohol was a stimulant. Mankind had been stimulated by it, more or less, for thousands of generations, and when medical science endorsed the popular view everybody was happy and satisfied.

Then medical science tired of the stimulant, and announced a new "fact"—alcohol as a food. There were people who lived upon alcohol and nothing else for months; therefore it must be a food. The general public said, quite politely, "A food? Oh, indeed!" and continued to regard it as a stimulant.

Now comes another scientist with another brand-new "fact." Alcohol is not a stimulant or a food, it is simply a paralysing agent. Most people, unless of Scotch extraction, who drink a bottle of whisky straight off become paralysed; therefore alcohol is a paralysing agent. Yet a perverse public still calls it a stimulant.

But the medical profession is profoundly happy playing at "facts." Like Artemus Ward's political convictions, if they are not liked they can be altered.

NOISE MAKERS.

The County Council are going to take steps to punish noise-makers who are captured in action between 9 p.m. and 6 a.m. Horn-blowers, singers, and shouters who ply their calling in the streets are to receive special attention from the Council.

In England we have legislation by the ream. Every year enough laws are passed by various legislative bodies to amply fill the large number of bushel waste-paper baskets into which they ought to be put. Legislators gabble by the hour about proposed laws which do not matter, and all the time nothing is done to protect the public in such an important matter as their inalienable right to sleep.

It is to be hoped that the noise-makers will be suppressed, but, by the way, will the suggested-by-law interfere with the operations of Parliament?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person: "Always do what you are afraid to do."—Emerson.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, the elder daughter of the Princess Christian, has been spending a very pleasant week-end at Dallington House, Northampton, the charming seat of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robert Spencer. The Princess spent Saturday mainly in listening to the musical competitions founded by Mrs. Spencer in Northampton. Mrs. Spencer herself conducted the Dallington orchestra and a choir of 500 voices with great success. After the performance the Princess herself distributed the prizes.

Mr. Charles Robert Spencer, known as "Bobby Spencer" to his friends, who has thus had the honour of entertaining royalty, is a great favourite with King Edward. He has represented one of the Northamptonshire Divisions in Parliament for fifteen years, and is certainly the best dressed

other day, had to drive about for almost an hour from hotel to hotel before finding a lodging for the night.

On Saturday quite an unusual number of well-known people left for the gay and crowded City. Amongst them, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough seemed to be thoroughly in the holiday-making mood. The Duchess is always very pleased to revisit Paris, which she grew to love as a girl when she was being educated there. Perhaps the fact that she lived so much in Europe as a girl, out of immediate contact with American dollar-hunting, may have made of her the charming sentimentalist she is. She has never worried herself over the pursuit of money, and is strangely unpractical and dreamy for one of her matter-of-fact race.

Still, though she has never attached too much importance to money, the daughter of Mr. William Kissam Vanderbilt has certainly found it very useful. Who, indeed, could object to a wedding

another way, than that of Richard Whittington. He was a Bluecoat boy, and has breathed the air of the City from his very earliest years. As a child he knew every corner of the London of that time, and especially the "luck" shops which paraded the most indigestible buns. Young John Pound used to exchange pins for these cakes when he had no money to pay for them. At the end of the month the insidious bun-sellers used to send these pins in to his father, as evidence of the amount eaten, and demand payment.

General Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, who celebrates his sixty-first birthday to-day, is one of the most distinguished members of an essentially fighting family. His ancestors seem to have been almost all generals and colonels, and the military atmosphere may account for the ability and luck which made him a full colonel when he was only thirty-four. I am inclined to think that he is the most perfectly dressed officer in the Army, and his friends go so far as to call him a dandy.

Lord Kinnaird, who made a charming little speech just before the Cup was presented to the Aston Villa football team at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and whose daughter-in-law, Mrs. Kenneth Kinnaird, made the presentation very gracefully, was himself probably one of the most vigorous footballers in England. Indeed, he continued to play until he was nearly fifty, and his excellent health refutes once for all the suspicion that the man who plays hard must necessarily give in after his first few years. When he was at Eton Lord Kinnaird played, I need hardly say, for the school, and amusing stories are told about his terrifying truculence at the game.

One year, in the Eton and Harrow match, a friend of his, who was playing for Harrow, took advantage of a brief pause in the game to say to him: "Look here, Kinnaird, are we to play the strict game, or are we going to have hacking?" Without hesitating for a moment Lord Kinnaird replied cheerfully: "Oh, let's have hacking." They "had" it, therefore, with gusto for the rest of the play. Lord Kinnaird was an agile as well as a strong player, and his legs were said to move faster than those of any other man on earth.

Lady Kinnaird, who is a sister of Sir Andrew Agnew, is said once to have exclaimed to a friend: "I am so afraid that my husband will come home one of these days with a broken leg." "Never mind," was the friend's reply, "if he does, it will not be his own." And certainly the heroic footballer has emerged with every limb safe from struggles which have gained him five medals as a member of Cup-winning teams, and, in particular, from the three contests in which he has played for Scotland against England.

A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

Miss Marie Corelli.

TO a great mass of the British public the publication of her latest book is always an epoch. A new one, "Free Opinions" (Constable, 6s.), is published to-day, and for some time to come those libraries, which she dislikes so much, will be besieged for it.

Perhaps one of the chief reasons for her popularity is her great belief in the power of the "written word." Even in this, her new book, there is an article, "The Power of the Pen." She has always an "object" in her writing. She is always reforming somebody or something, stamping upon a social abuse, holding up some special virtue.

The care with which she has avoided personal notoriety has brought it her. She was and is always doing things. Her name was always before the public. Libel actions, letters to the Press—about the Press and about everything else aroused curiosity, till to-day she is kept busy in refusing interviews.

So popular is she that, as she once confessed in an interview "venturesome admirers will ring the bell and offer my butter half a crown to stand inside the hall for me."

Other things that her popularity bring her are offers of marriage. They are not so frequent as the requests for her autograph, but still frequent enough.

She has more dislikes than likings. She detests free libraries and motor-cars and book reviewers and farthings. Her books are reserved for Shakespeare and Stratford-on-Avon.

IN MY GARDEN.

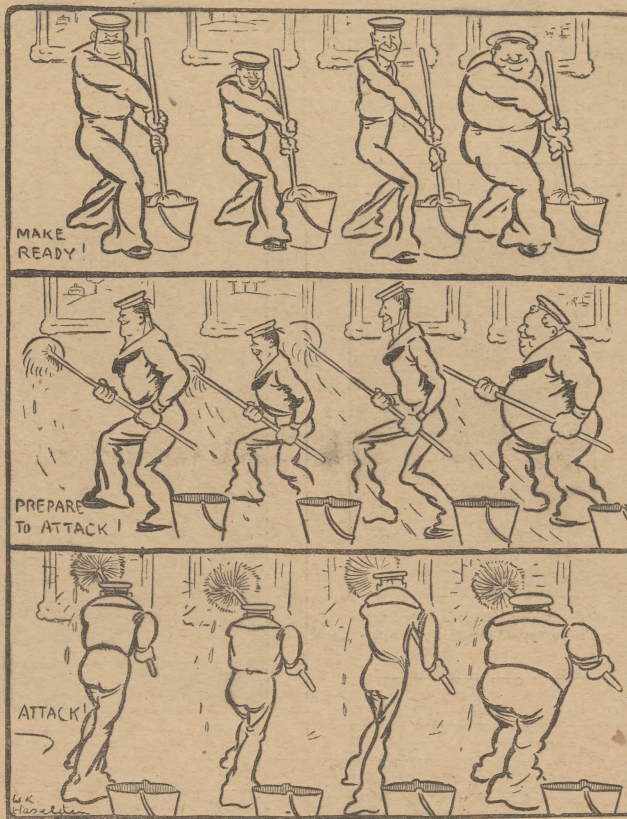
APRIL 16.—Spring is an experience as well as a season. How splendid to go forth on a golden April day and experience spring!

Or let us walk in the garden when Nature has "hung the night with stars" and the white moon peeps through the pines. Pink almond-trees gleam in the soft light. Each blossom seems a lamp hung by fairy hands on the boughs. From the cherry and plum trees a beautiful snow noiselessly falls. The grass and experience spring! Sweet scents wander abroad from the sweetbrier, primroses, violets.

Then it is spring creeps, warm and welcome, into the winter heart.

E. F. T.

JACK TARS AS SPRING CLEANERS.



In the West End of London handymen are now employed to dust and renovate houses. They are well drilled, show the good effects of discipline, and do their work in silence.

politician in the House. His immaculate collars and faultless frock-coat lent additional point to a remark he once made in a speech in the House. He exclaimed, smiling contentedly, "I am certainly not an agricultural labourer."

When he was addressing his constituents a year or two ago, I remember that a workman tried to "draw" him on the subject of his clothes. The man shouted out: "Mr. Spencer, how on earth did you get into those collars?" With delightful nonchalance Mr. Spencer at once replied, "My friend, you are much mistaken if you think I shall lose a single vote by your being rude." The rude one was so impressed with the retort that he apologized humbly to Mr. Spencer afterwards, and promised to vote in his interest.

This last week-end has seen the beginning of the customary Easter exodus from London, and a great many more distinguished people will leave before next Friday. Paris appears to be the place exceptionally favoured this year. It is now almost impossible, for the proverbial love or money, to get a comfortable room there, so great is the crowd, caused partly by the people returning from the south, partly by those starting for an Easter holiday. Mr. Ritchie, on his way back from Sicily the

present like the one she received from her father on her wedding day, the present of one million sterling? Mr. Vanderbilt made what he called a thank offering, too, of a mere £500,000 on the occasion of her husband's safe return from the South African war a few years ago. The Duchess had a great deal of curious scrutiny to undergo when she first came over to England, but she bore it with admirable dignity.

To-day once more the Lord Mayor is to give a proof of his devotion to the cause of the Blue Ribbon by presiding at the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Railway Temperance Union at the Mansion House. Certainly the Lord Mayor and Mrs. Pound, with their healthy family of five children, bear witness in themselves to the value of sober and laborious habits. They have for years lived in a quiet, even in a monotonous, way in their comfortable home at Highbury. Mrs. Pound especially has something of the patience of former days about her, and her wonderful skill and taste in embroidery seem to belong to a period when people could afford the time for such soothing occupations.

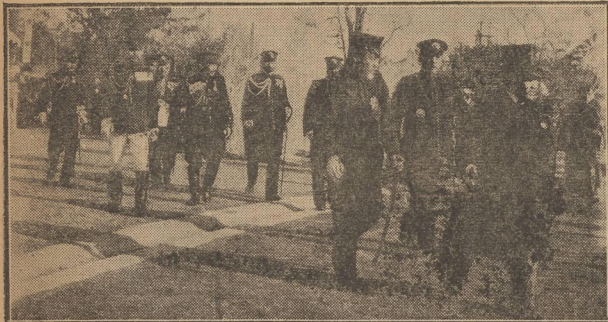
The career of Alderman Pound, too, is a quiet romance, scarcely less interesting, though in



NEWS-TOLD-IN-VIEWS...

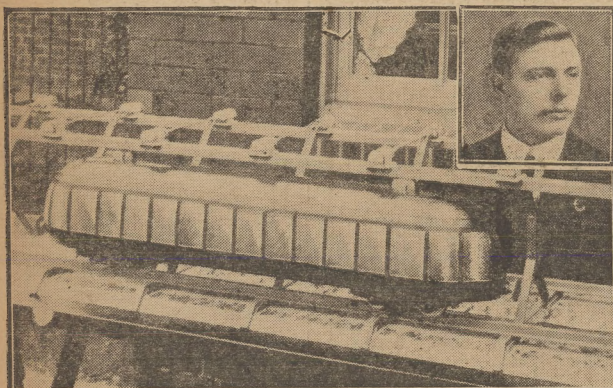


ADMIRAL TOGO AND GENERAL KAWAMURA.



Admiral Togo, the Nelson of Japan, appears in the foreground of this photograph, which was taken in Tokio, and to the right of him is General Kawamura, who has done such splendid work for his country in Manchuria.

FROM LONDON TO THE SOUTH COAST IN HALF AN HOUR.



A model of the new Kearney-Thom mono-rail carriages, with which it is hoped that the South Coast will be placed within half an hour's journey of London. The portrait is of Mr. E. W. C. Kearney, one of the inventors of the railway.

HANDSOMER THAN THE L.C.C. THAMES STEAMBOATS.



Yesterday this steamboat, the Naparima, which has been built by Messrs. Thornycroft for service at Trinidad, took a trial trip on the Thames, and many people who saw her wondered why London should have steamboats apparently so much inferior to that built for Trinidad.

LOVER AWARDED £150 IN A SLANDER SUIT.

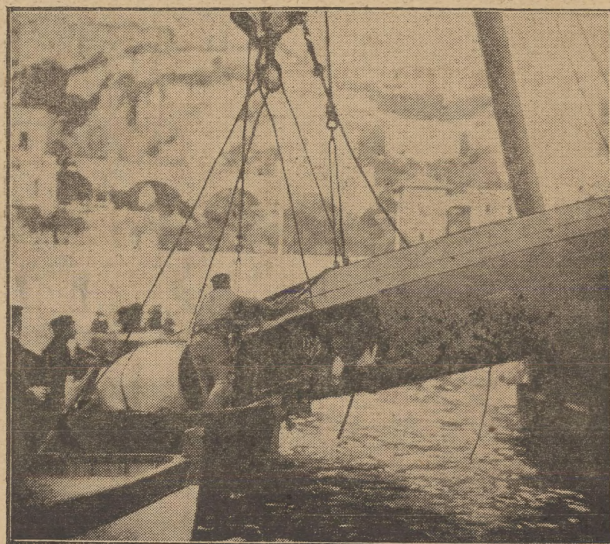


Mr. F. A. Richards, the Balham music-teacher, who sued Mrs. Leest, his former sweetheart's mother, for slander, and was awarded £150.



Miss Mabel Leest, whose mother strongly objected to Mr. F. A. Richards as a suitor for her daughter's hand.

RAISING THE MOTOR-BOAT THAT WAS SUNK AT MONACO.

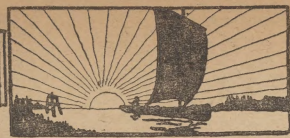


Through a spark igniting some petrol in the bottom of the racing motor-boat Trèfle-à-Quatre, she caught fire during the race meeting, and had to be sunk at Monaco. This photograph shows the boat being raised again from the bottom of the harbour.

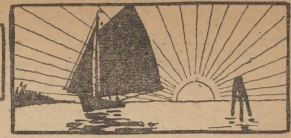
LADY GIVES A SPLENDID EXHIBITION OF FENCING.



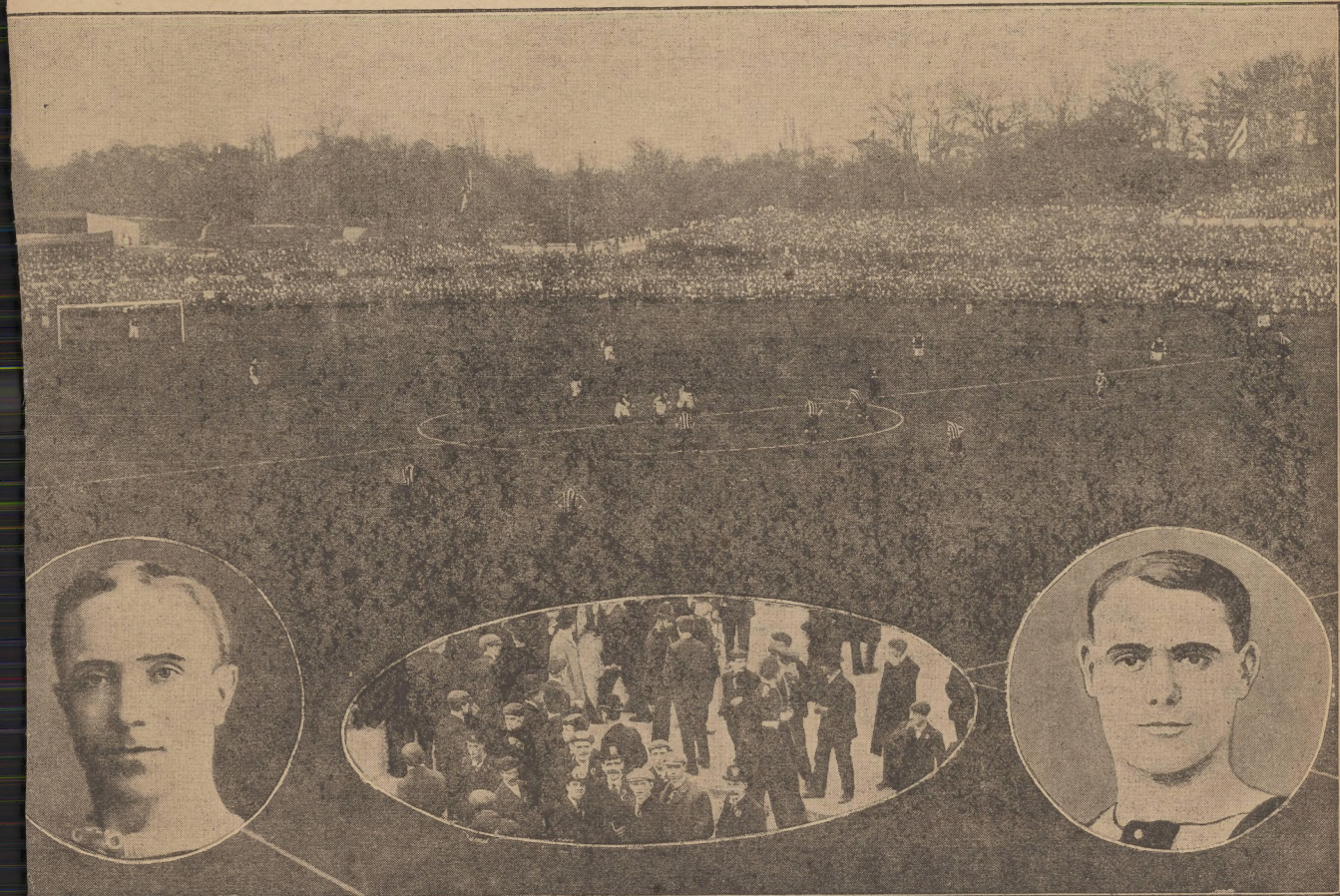
Miss Evelyn Bear, who gave a brilliant exhibition of her mastery of the foil during Saturday's great display at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, which was held for the benefit of Professor Danguy.—(See page 6.)



'MIRROR' CAMERAGRAPHS



THE GREAT MATCH FOR THE FOOTBALL CUP AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE—ASTON VILLA KICK OFF.



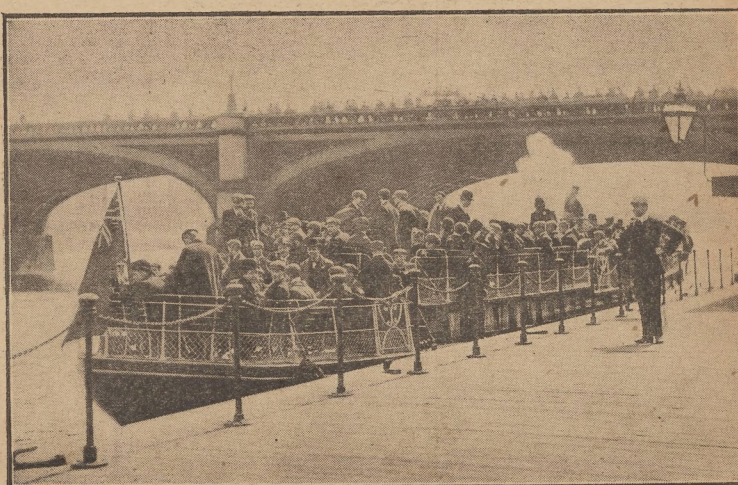
Opening of the great match for the Cup at the Crystal Palace, which was witnessed by over 100,000 people—Hampton kicking off for Aston Villa. The small photographs show Spencer, the Villa captain (on the left), a group of enthusiasts in the crowd (in the centre), and Aitken, the Newcastle United captain.—(Photographs by Russell, Whitlock, and Thomson and Lee.)

FROM UNDER THE SEA TO WATCH THE MATCH.



P. Parminter, who is leaning on the front wheel of the brake, brought of miners from Whitehaven, Cumberland, where they work in a mine that runs out under the sea for miles, to London to see the match.

ASTON VILLA TEAM TAKE A TRIP ON THE THAMES.



While waiting for Saturday afternoon's great ordeal, the Aston Villa team and some of their supporters passed the time by taking a trip on the Thames in a specially-chartered steamer.

"FREE OPINIONS."

Miss Marie Corelli's New Book
Full of Sharp Criticism.

Miss Marie Corelli is able to get a good deal of severe criticism into her novels, but "Free Opinions" (Constable, 6s.), published to-day, gives her a magnificent opportunity of saying what she thinks of the world at large.

"Free Opinions Freely Expressed on Certain Phases of Modern Social Life and Conduct," to quote the full title, gives one the general impression that Miss Corelli is not content. There seems to be nothing fit for her to write.

The book is divided into twenty-seven papers, and, as one has grown to expect, starts with a grumble against those who read books. They do not know how to read, or for that matter, "how to buy" books. To quote:—

Those who have really learned to read are no encouragers of the free library craze. The true lover of books will never want to peruse volumes that are thumbed and soiled by hundreds of other hands—he or she will manage to buy them and keep them as friends in a private household. To borrow one's mental fare from free libraries is a dirty habit to begin with. It is rather like picking up eatables dropped by someone else in the road, and making one's dinner of another man's leavings.

Of course, Miss Corelli's opinion on the subject of book-buying and free libraries is easily understandable. But there are so many of Miss Corelli's opinions that one can only give an occasional one. Perhaps if she did not assume quite so much of the style of a street orator, and if she did not violently, one might appreciate them more. One can hear such phrases as the following in Hyde Park any afternoon:—

To whom do other nations turn in want or distress but England? From whom do the famine and fever-stricken in all corners of the world obtain relief? England! Where the Roman Catholic country that has poured out such limitless charity and pity to all in sorrow as England? And why should the "conversion" of the world be so valuable to the Roman Church? Merely because of England's incalculable wealth and power!

Then she turns to the clergy as a whole, and is more forcible if not so violent.

Most of us have met with many a mean little curate—many a sly, spiteful, scandal-mongering, hypocritical parson—much round of our common lives and duties. Most of us know the "salad" cleric—the gentleman who is a doubtful compound of oil and vinegar, with a good deal of tough green vegetable matter growing where the brain should be—course weed of bigotry, prejudice, and rank obstinacy—

—and other kinds.

In an article labelled "The Social Blight" she has some very hard things to say about "society"—that swarm of drones, where each buzzing insect tries to sting the other, or crawl over it in such wise as to be the first to steal whatever honey may be within reach.

Money is the only thing that matters. Real tragedies excite no emotion, but:—

Let there be a sudden panic on the Stock Exchange—let the Paris Bourse be shaken—let Wall Street be ablaze with sinister rumour—and then hey and halloo for a reckless, degrading, humiliating, miserable human stampede! Like infuriated maniacs, men shrink and stamp; with brains on fire, they forget that they were born to be reasoning creatures capable of self-control. They boast of "education," avail themselves of it, and they offer to the gods a spectacle of frantic fear and agony of which even an untamed savage might well be ashamed.

The looseness of morals of modern "society" scandalises Miss Corelli, but it has another great evil against which she tilts.

With looseness of morals naturally comes looseness of conversation. It is becoming quite a common thing to hear men and women talking about their "Little Marys"—a phrase which, though invented by Mr. J. B. Bore, is not without considerable vulgarity and offence.

But it is on the subject of man that Miss Corelli's "free opinions" are the freest. She gives him a whole article to himself under the title, "Coward Adam." In the days of the Garden of Eden, Adam tried not only to shuffle off the blame, but also to shuffle it on to Eve.

To do so is now a habit with him. Politicians receive their share of the flagellation in common with the rest of the sex.

Coward Adam's policy, after making a blunder, is to adopt any lie rather than say frankly and boldly, "I did it." He will eat dirt by the bushel in preference to the nobler starvation diet of simply facing his loss. He is just now exhibiting himself to his full advantage in the British Parliament, while the nation looks on, waiting for the final finale of his various hesitations and inefficiencies.

Coward Adam is also to be found in the walks of literature, and "where a woman is concerned in matters artistic will 'down' her if he can." One is tempted to wonder whether Miss Corelli can possibly have had any quarrel with her reviewers.

"Accursed Eve" contains a back-handed blow at Coward Adam. It is meant as praise for woman when Miss Corelli says:—

Personally speaking, I do not know any man who is not a little of the dumb of at least one sense. And I will not believe that there is any woman so feeble, so stupid, so lost to the power and charm of the one sex as not to be able to influence quite half a dozen men.

More criticism of man is scattered about through the articles. There is another violent fragment in "The Advance of Woman," resting on the assumption that man is unfair in his criticism of woman's intellect.

He makes himself ludicrous by persistently "crying her down" when all the world en masse beholds her taking the highest University honours over his head, and beating him intellectually on his own ground. In physical force he certainly outstrips her. Item—he can kick her as heartily as she can him. Item—he can eat and drink much more than she can, because he devotes a great part of his original savage right to study of gastronomy. Item—he can smoke more, and amply prove his original savage right by being banished from "good society" or anything being said against his moral character.

There are any number of other subjects which Miss Corelli's disapproval. In "Society and Sunday," while revealing quite a number of bridge scandals, she has something to say of the motor.

When not playing bridge, society's "Sunday evens" is motoring. Flashing and fizzing all over the place, it rushes here, there, and everywhere, carelessly faunting, sneering abominably, and looking uglier than the worst demons in Dante's "Inferno."

And of society itself:—

Nevertheless, though society's Sunday has degenerated into a day of gambling, guzzling, and motoring, Great Britain is well to remember that it is in itself so limited as to be a mere bubble on the waters of life—froth and scum, as it were, that rises to the top merely to be skimmed off, and thrown aside in any national crisis.

There is any amount more of the same sort of thing. But as Miss Corelli says in yet another of the articles, "The Power of the Pen":—

Above all things, we should prepare ourselves to appreciate—not to depreciate. Nothing is easier than to find fault. The easiest thing in the world is to find fault. The dirtiest little street-boy can enter the British Museum and find fault with the Pallas Athene. But the Pallas Athene remains the same.

Under the circumstances it would be invidious to criticise "Free Opinions Freely Expressed."

terrible to think otherwise—it would be terrible." Her sweet face looked troubled.

"I used not to consider myself a fatalist," Jack went on after a moment's pause; "in fact, I don't know that I am one now, but sometimes things go far to make one believe that certain events are ordained from the beginning. Would you have the patience to listen," he went on in low tones, "if I told you something about myself? Would you be bored by listening to my story?" He fidgeted with a small silver matchbox as he spoke, and appeared strangely nervous and embarrassed.

"I should like to listen to anything you have got to tell me," returned Cecilia softly. She gazed at the young man with shining eyes, for it seemed to Cecilia that she was entering into fairyland.

"Tell me anything you like," she said gently; "you can be sure of one thing—I shall love to listen."

The young man plunged into his story at once. He told her of the two old criminals, dealing very tenderly with their foibles, and waxing enthusiastic over their kind hearts and their rigid ideas of duty; then he went on to describe Miss Maria. Cecilia smiled a little, but she did not smile a second later, however, when Jack went on to describe Kitty, and to relate the circumstances of his early engagement. He did not finish as Cecilia was so eager to hear, he dismissed seeing how deadly pale the girl turned, also the quiver that passed over her face.

"So you are engaged," said Cecilia. The girl picked up a small fan as she spoke, and began to wave it slowly backwards and forwards. She wanted to screen her face.

"No, I am not engaged," returned Jack haltingly. "My engagement came to an end last evening. I care for another woman."

"You care for another woman," repeated Cecilia in trembling tones. All the blood rushed to her face, and her heart began to beat almost painfully.

"Yes, for another woman." The young man

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

Should Husbands and Wives Have
Separate Homes?

"Marriage is certain, in nine cases out of ten, to turn out a failure. But the failure and misery of marriage would certainly be mitigated by relegating its victims to separate homes, where each might for a moment have the illusion of liberty."

Bristol. J. F. K. HARKHAM.

If husbands and wives are to live in separate houses, who is to take care of the children? Are they to be apportioned by lottery, or sent into a home or asylum? Or is the new theory of marriage to be treated as the contingency of children is treated as a negligible quantity?

Under the plan of separate establishments it might be kind to put the children into a lethal chamber—kind both to them and the community. MOTHER.

What is the good of marriage, may I ask, if it does not secure companionship for a woman? A marriage with two homes might work very easily for the man. He would enjoy his comfortable bachelor quarters in peace. But what about the woman, alone and unprotected, a kind of grass widow, in hers? The fact that she was "next door" to her husband would not make her any the less desolate. FLORENCE WHITGROVE.

Oriental-place, Brighton.

The argument in favour of semi-detached marriages can be carried on without reference only to theory, for in some circles of society marriages of this sort are a recognised thing, and my opinion is that they are not a success.

The spectacle of a half-marriage, one in which husband and wife have reached the stage where they wish to live in different houses, is a sad one. It is no marriage at all, and it would be much more to put an end to it with a divorce than resort to any half-measures. MONOGAMIST.

I think that Mrs. Hope Merrick has raised in your valuable paper a point of the utmost importance in asking whether husbands and wives should necessarily live in the same house. There would be, I am convinced, a partial solution of the eternal problem of marriage if the husband and wife were not bound, by a stupid convention, to sit opposite one another every morning over the breakfast-table; to be unable ever to get a change from one another; and to be compelled to meet when the tempers of both would be the better for a little isolation. I am all for two homes in marriage. STOCKPORT.

UNHAPPILY MARRIED.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

PICTURES IN COLOUR OF THE NORFOLK BROADS. Jarrold, 2s. Contains fifty pictures, below each of which is descriptive matter. It is good to hear that the excellent work is entirely a home product, and that it is to be followed by a series.

GUIDE TO LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS. Pictorial and Descriptive. Ward, Lock, 1s. The fact that this is the twentieth edition speaks for itself as to its value. It has been entirely re-written and illustrated for 1905.

HIGHWAYS IN DEER. By N. D. B. With illustrations by Nelly Erichsen. Macmillan, 6s. One hardly knows which to admire most, the text or the illustrations. Well up to the mark, and the illustrations are of the highest quality.

THE "QUEEN" NEWSPAPER TRAVEL. A volume of the practical travel information which has appeared in the "Queen" from 1894 to 1905. Compiled by Horace Cox, 2s. 6d. Very useful just now when everyone is wondering where to go for the Easter holidays, and how to get there.

WORLD-WIDE FAME

OF

"ANTIPON."

THE GREAT DISCOVERY IN THE
TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Supplementing the various announcements that have appeared in the *Daily Mirror* and elsewhere on the subject of Antipon, it is now the writer's intention to lay before the public a few of the grateful letters written to the Antipon Company by men and women residing abroad who have received permanent benefit from following a course of Antipon, or who have so far benefited by taking one or two bottles of that excellent specific as to need no further comment.

The old-time methods of dealing with obesity were in many cases a still greater evil, for they mostly relied on a system of starving and drugging the patient into thinness, and, in more cases than not, seriously sapped his (or her) strength and vitality; indeed, in many instances they practically ruined sound constitutions. Where this was not the case the cure was usually very permanent, for as soon as the racking remedies employed were discontinued the superabundant fat began to reappear with deplorable persistence, and the whole weakening and nauseating process had to be gone through again.

Antipon has changed all that. Neither semi-starvation nor drugging, neither exhausting exercises nor the excessive use of cathartics enter the scheme of treatment. Whilst being the greatest permanent reducer of weight ever discovered, Antipon is a tonic of high value. It acts most beneficially, increases appetite, and perfects the digestive process. This is of the utmost importance, as stout persons are so liable to dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, and kindred disorders. By helping, so to speak, the patient to eat heartily of wholesome nutriment, which is properly digested and assimilated, Antipon helps to build up strength and renew vitality. There are no troublesome restrictions as to food and drink. The prudent person may eat anything he pleases. Good, sound, wholesome food is Antipon's ally. The diet in the process of the elimination of unhealthy fatty matter from the system. This ample nourishment means that, while the superfluous fat is being gradually and surely expelled, the blood is being enriched, and this, in turn, means new healthy muscular tissue devoid of overfat, stronger nerves, greater brain power—in a word, renewed life and energy, and a feeling of physical well-being, which the complacent men and women can never wholly enjoy. Antipon acts from the first dose. Within a day and a night of beginning the course there is a decrease, varying according to individual conditions, of from 8oz. to 3lb. This is followed by a reliable daily diminution, until normal proportions and standard weights are attained. The diet may then cease, the cure being permanent. It will be found that the tendency to make fat of everything eaten is completely destroyed. That is why Antipon has met with universal support from all competent authorities. Antipon is quite harmless; it contains nothing of a mineral or otherwise questionable character; it is a pleasantly tart liquid, to be taken in moderate doses at stated intervals; it is neither aperient nor constipating, and causes no inconvenience or discomfort whatsoever. Finally, it possesses the advantage of economy in use.

"The Manager, Army and Navy Stores, Bombay. "When I started Antipon I was 240lb. in weight, and the reduction was 61lb. in one week 184lb. I now can take four mile-walks with ease. Another recommendation is its power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is quite tightened. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and I have never restricted myself in any form of diet.—(Mrs.) F. M. S.—"

"Dinapore, India. "I must say that Antipon made me much thinner, and I also felt much better after taking it. I recommended it to a friend of mine. We both think it makes a pleasant drink in this hot climate.—M. M. E.—"

"Ladybrand, Orange River Colony. "An ex-member of the (former) Volksraad has found great benefit from Antipon.—N. Coaker, Chemist by appointment to H.E. the Lieutenant-Governor."

"Alexandria, Egypt. "I am very pleased with Antipon. I have found it more efficacious than other treatments I have used up to the present. I recommend it everywhere, and ask you to accept my warm thanks.—C. J.—"

"Batavia, Java. "As to the effect of your Antipon I am glad to say that since I began to take it I am reduced 24lb.—H. J. A. R.—"

"Nagykuta, Hungary. "Two days ago I sent you 40 kronen. Will you kindly send me immediately 6 bottles of your lovely Antipon. With many thanks.—(Mme.) M. de F.—"

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the Sole Manufacturer, S. The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

Souls Adrift.

By ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Cecilia was alone in her little sitting-room when Jack Hallows was announced the following morning. She had noticed his presence at the theatre the night before, but she had not expected to see him so soon again, and the girl was thankful that Paula Chesson had elected to go out with her. "I hoped I should not have to see you," began Jack, a shade of embarrassment manifesting itself in his manner, "but you told me that I might call."

"Yes, and I hoped you would," replied Cecilia shyly; then the two seated themselves, gazing somewhat consciously each at the other.

They were aware of the spell of the hour and the tender intimacy of the moment. Cecilia, for her part, felt infinitely happy. Her heart sang like a nest of singing birds. It seemed as if her lost spring days had returned. She could not have analysed her own sensations, nor have explained the peculiar felicity which had come over her, but she felt new life flowing through her veins, as if she had put herself to rest to early a visitor. "You were beautiful," she was irresistible—and she meant all the world to Jack Hallows.

"How can a man struggle against destiny?" the young man murmured low to himself, hardly intending that Cecilia should hear. But she glanced up at him with puzzled eyes.

"Why should you ask such a question?" she said. "Surely you are not a fatalist? Don't you believe that we are all free agents? It would be

KENSAL RISE TRUNK TRAGEDY.

Men Who Arrested Devereux, and Scenes in London and Coventry.



Mr. Charsley, the chief constable of Coventry, who supervised the shadowing of Devereux and his arrest.



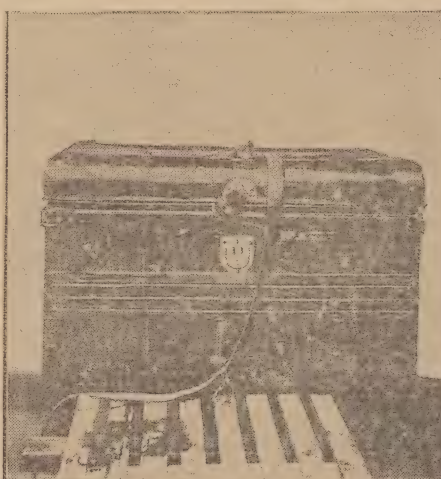
The furniture warehouse at Buller-road, Kensal Rise, in which the trunk was stored.



Chief Inspector Imber, of Coventry, who shadowed Devereux for a week before arresting him.



Alderman Bird's chemist's shop in Spon-street, Coventry, where Devereux worked and was arrested. The smaller photograph is a portrait of Mr. Bird.



The tin trunk in which the three bodies were found. It is only three feet long, two feet broad, and one foot ten inches deep.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

"Her name?" cried Jack Hallows hoarsely. "Ah, Cecilia, you know it—you know it. You know that the woman I am speaking of is yourself."

A burning blush spread over Cecilia's face at Jack Hallows' impassioned words. All that she could appreciate or realise was the one great fact that Jack Hallows loved her, and she felt as if she had suddenly come under love—and for the first time.

The quixotic and selfish passion of Robert Lidiard, the true and steadfast affection offered by Montague Stone, surely what Jack Hallows had to give was the best thing of all—for his love was the love of happy springtime. It was full of youth and strength—glad, all-conquering and spontaneous.

"Tell me one thing," exclaimed Jack Hallows, springing to his feet and kneeling down at Cecilia's side, "do you care for me, Cecilia—do you love me?"

"Yes, I do love you," she whispered, "though we have only met a few times—I love you. But don't let us think about ourselves," she continued with a rush of earnestness, "let us think about the girl you have been engaged to all these years. How can we accept our happiness at the price of her sacrifice?"

"But Kitty doesn't really care," protested Jack Hallows eagerly. He put his arms about Cecilia as he spoke. "She told me so herself last night—last night when I made one final effort to be true to her and to forget you, Cecilia, when I actually asked Kitty to marry me, and as soon as possible." "And she refused?" exclaimed Cecilia, her heart beginning to beat passionately. "She actually refused?"

"Yes," returned Jack. "She told me that she considered our boy and girl engagement a great mistake, and that neither of us were in love with the other. In fact, she was so determined, so positive, that it crossed my mind that Kitty, like myself, might have set her heart elsewhere, and possibly have taken a liking to Grant Malcolm. But anyway she won't marry me—that's certain, so I am perfectly free to ask you, dearest, beloved Cecilia, to be my wife. You have owned that you love me."

"To be your wife," murmured Cecilia dreamily. "Ah, is it possible that such happiness can be in store for me?" She did not realise how great her admission had been till she found herself being kissed by her young lover, and as their lips met in a wild and ecstatic caress it seemed to Cecilia as if nothing else could have happened, and that the love she and Jack Hallows bore each other had been ordained from the very beginning.

Half an hour later found the newly-affiliated lovers walking down Plymouth High-street, for Paula's return to the hotel had driven them out of doors. Cecilia had informed Jack of her decision to leave the stage—a decision at which the young man greatly rejoiced; also of the home that Lady Sutton had offered her—a home which promised to be a haven of safety.

Jack was not at all unwilling that Cecilia should take advantage of Lady Sutton's offer—at all events, for some months; but he had a certain daring suggestion to make—a suggestion which came upon Cecilia in the light of a sudden shock, and almost took her breath away.

He wanted the girl to promise him that she would consent to secret marriage, and not press for an open acknowledgment of the wedding till he was in a position to offer her a home.

"For it will take some time to reconcile my people to the decision that Kitty and I have come to," he said, "and to be glad to welcome you,

Cecilia, in her place, for the whole family have set their hearts on the marriage between myself and Kitty coming off, you see. They settled it for us in cradle days, and it would be like the breaking up of a sand castle—a castle the old folk have been building up slowly and steadily. No, I must give them time," the young man went on, "to get used to the new order of things; but I want to feel that you are mine, absolutely mine, during the months of waiting ahead; to know nothing in this world can come between us, Cecilia—that we belong absolutely and assuredly to each other."

"But if we have given each other a solemn promise," asked Cecilia softly, "wouldn't that be enough, Jack? I don't like the idea of a secret marriage. I would far, far rather we were simply engaged."

"But I wouldn't," returned Jack Hallows decidedly. "I want to hear those solemn words uttered over us—those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder, for we know, as in my own case, that engagements can be broken, but marriages—never."

"I see what you mean, dear," answered Cecilia flushing, then she turned to Jack and glanced up at him with large limpid eyes. "But you know so little about me," she protested, "nothing at all, in fact. There is a great deal to tell you, for I've had a sad life, Jack, and troubles I should like to tell you all about before you marry me. Also I am quite penniless, except for the money I have lately earned on the stage."

"I don't want to hear a bit about the past," interrupted Jack vehemently, "and as for your having no money, it will be all the sweeter to work hard and so provide for you. Come, pet, you must grant me my heart's desire; you must promise to marry me quietly, or else I will not allow you to go to London, for remember, my darling, you have

(Continued on page 13.)

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

Owing to the severe strain of both social and business duties, complaints of nervous origin are now greatly on the increase, and every day one hears of business or professional men, teachers, students, artists, authors, preachers, journalists, and composers suffering from nervous breakdown. This would be far less common were the early symptoms recognised and the proper treatment adopted before a real trouble and a serious progress. The most prominent signs of nervous exhaustion are: impaired vitality, utter weariness, general debility and depression, lassitude, inability to concentrate the mind on any subject, fatigue, neurasthenia, showing itself by headache, vertigo, insomnia, lack of will power and energy, chronic dyspepsia, and, as a consequence, defective nutrition and other troubles. If you are suffering in any of these ways please read on and learn about a remedy that will put you right again.

WHAT DOES NERVOUS EXHAUSTION MEAN?

Everyone possessing even an elementary knowledge of physiology knows that the nerves and brain are composed of very delicate tissue, which is easily worn away. Every thought, movement, or action wears away a certain amount of nerve tissue, but if the body and all its functions are in perfect condition this matter is replaced as fast as worn away. If, however, an extra strain is placed on the nervous system the wearing process goes on faster than replacement, and unless effective measures are adopted nervous breakdown will follow.

HOW NERVE WASTE IS REPAIRED.

Nerve waste is, under normal conditions, repaired by the food taken, but when you are run down and suffering from nervous exhaustion, it generally happens that both appetite and digestion are unsatisfactory. Consequently there is an absolute indifference to taking food, and even if it is taken it fails to digest properly, so that the body is ill-nourished, the nerves are not renewed, and your condition gets steadily worse.

A SUCCESSFUL REMEDY.

This was clearly recognised, and it was felt that a remedy was needed that would give back to the nervous system the elements that had been lost by the wearing-away process. Bishop's Tonules were the result. Bishop's Tonules are not a quick remedy, but a genuine and scientific preparation that restores nerve strength, vigour, and energy by going to the foundation of the trouble. The scientific nature of Bishop's Tonules is proved by the fact that Alfred Bishop, Ltd., are willing to state to any qualified medical man the composition of the Tonules, previous to his prescribing them. No better evidence can be given than they possess real nerve nutritive and restorative properties.

BE WISE IN TIME.

One of the special features of nervous exhaustion is that the condition is frequently not recognised in its earlier stages. If treated at the appearance of the first symptoms many serious troubles would be prevented. In the early stages a short course of Bishop's Tonules would soon replace the worn-away tissue with new matter and foster its growth. Neglect means that you may drift into nervous breakdown, and an illness from which it may take a long time to recover.

NERVOUS COLLAPSE PREVENTED.

Nervous collapse may be effectually prevented by the timely use of Bishop's Tonules, which build up and restore the impoverished nerve tissues, and tone up the whole system. In cases of chronic dyspepsia, and consequent defective nutrition, caused by worry, overwork and overstudy, as also in convalescence from influenza or wasting diseases, Bishop's Tonules are marvellously valuable. These are not mere statements, but facts of which there is abundant evidence, and if you use Bishop's Tonules your own experience will confirm this.

THE EFFECTS OF BISHOP'S TONULES.

If Bishop's Tonules are used the appetite improves, the digestion of your food is promoted, the liver stimulated, the flow of bile increased, and the building up of the tissues assisted. The various organs and tissues of the body all show improved activity. The eyes become brighter, the complexion more healthy, the thin gain flesh, and flabby flesh becomes firm. The improvement made is real, genuine, and lasting, because Bishop's Tonules go to the root of the trouble. Mrs S. H. Teaster writes: "Bishop's Tonules for nervous weakness and brain fog are doing my husband good."



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EASTER FESTIVAL FROCKS FOR DAYTIME AND EVENING WEAR.

A BUSY WEEK.

ANTICIPATIONS OF GALA DAYS TO COME.

The Easter holiday looms close ahead, with the huge revival of festive occasions that it and the succeeding weeks will make so prevalent. There is an old superstition that makes new clothes an imperative necessity for Easter Sunday, but even if there were not the desire that reigns in every true woman's heart to meet the freshness of spring with an equal freshness of attire would send her here, there, and everywhere for pretty clothes this week.

The unwelcome news has arrived from the French capital that skirts are to be shorter in the front and at the side, with a slight train at the back. This is the latest fad of Madam Fashion. Again, there are French dressmakers who refuse to build this skirt, and continue to make their costumes with skirts that are long at the sides and that touch the ground all round. The skirts of street costumes are certainly less voluminous than they were last season, and many of the best models fit smoothly over the hips, but flare considerably just below the hip curve. The circular skirt has returned to great favour, and the skirt with many gores is another well-liked model.

Petticoats are now being made of washing silk of a rather heavy but soft quality, and the favourite colour seems to be blue and white of a tiny check. A beautiful model seen recently was made of pale blue washing silk with a deep flounce of openwork embroidery; the edge of the flounce was scalloped and finished with buttonhole embroidery. But white washing skirts are certainly our chief desire, and that they are amazingly pretty and most remarkably inexpensive is a happy truth.

Japanese Straw Millinery.

The Japanese are experts in the manufacture of summer hats, and, according to an authority on the subject, these are made of wood, but so thin and pliable in the fibre that it is usually mistaken for chip or straw. It has the texture of fine satin, but is really a shaving of the poplar, spruce, cherry, Chinese cypress, and other trees, executed in a special manner and with special tools. The shavings are dyed the colours desired and the strips are plaited like straw. It is of this straw that so many of the spring season's hats are being made, and as the straw is very decorative, only a minimum of trimming is required for the adornment of the model. A bunch of little roses, forget-me-nots, and pansies make a charming addition to a Japanese straw hat of a rich corn-colour.

The Leghorn and fine chip millinery looks in very good taste. One of the newest models is an exact reproduction of a toque worn by Marie Antoinette. This little hat has a wide, fine chip crown pleated to a narrow inverted saucer-shaped brim, and the space between is filled in with a long "snake" ostrich feather, the end of which curls down low on the left side, while several small tips form an aigrette at the left side at the back. This hat, like all the little new turbans, is worn forward, slightly tilted up at the left side to show the hair full and fluffy in front; in fact, it is a good idea with most of the new hats to deftly pin the hair waves up over the bandeau that is fixed in front.

The short skirt, which will be so universal at Easter, is a friend to the shoemaker. In general shape this season's walking footgear is little changed from that of last summer.

Patent leather, calfskin, brown leather, and gun-metal kid—a leather with a dull black finish—are the materials for the walking shoes, but calfskin has a less loyal following during other seasons. The return to favour of brown leather is to some extent accountable for this, for tan or brown leather makes the ideal walking shoe. It is comfortable and looks so smart. The champagne coloured and French grey shoes are also very fashionable, but unfortunately

fortunately decidedly extravagant, because they soil so soon. Of evening slippers there are many new effects. Leather of all colourings is represented in both suede and glacé kid, and tissue and satin are everywhere. A girl can match almost any frock in her shoes, and if she does not care to

to wear these at the sides of the feet instead of in the centre.

For example, one slipper in suede of a lovely green has high French heels gilded, and gold wheat-cars embroidered on the toes. A patent leather slipper has gold heels and a black bow held



One of the newest and most lovely silks is called radium, and it is chosen in shell-pink for the materialisation of the above bath gown, with a flounce and sleeves of cream lace and bunches of pink and blue roses. The buttons on the corsage are translucent mother-of-pearl ones.

do this she may have black shoes decorated with beads to coincide with her toilette.

Embroidery in silks, beads, ribbon, or gold and silver thread adorn some models. Others are plain, save for odd bows or rosettes, and the new fad is

by a knot of gilded leather, and there is a white slipper with gold heels, gold toe embroidery, and a little white bow with a small gold bell. So the old nursery rhyme: "She shall have music wherever she goes," finds fulfilment now.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 11.)

given me the right to control your actions from to-day."

Cecilia smiled and sighed. She hardly knew what to say about this secret marriage, for she felt as Jack did, that it would be sweet to feel that they were bound to each other irrevocably, and that no living soul could come between.

The lovers paused as they passed the window of an old curiosity shop, for Cecilia was fond of old curios, and Jack's attention had been caught by some penny rings displayed on a small tray in the centre of the window.

"I think I must give you a ring, Cecilia," he announced with a smile. "Let's see if we can find a pretty one here—something quaint and old-fashioned, something which would suit my Puritan Girl."

Cecilia flushed with pleasure. Then they both stared at the tray of rings, wondering if they would see one which caught their fancy.

By a strange chance Robert Lidiard, inside the shop, watched them curiously through the window, an evil expression manifesting itself on his face. By a strange coincidence he had entered the little shop a few moments earlier, intending to inquire the price of a quaint metal dagger, which had attracted his notice, a dagger which he had thought

of in connection with Cecilia's warm, white breast. It was not difficult for Lidiard to make some excuse to the Jew man who was serving him and to wander to the far end of the shop on the pretext of examining some old engravings which hung on the wall, and he managed to partially conceal himself behind richly-carved Moorish screens by the time Jack Howson and Cecilia had entered the curiosity shop.

"You can attend to your fresh customers," he muttered to the old Jew, who was endeavouring to press him to drive a bargain over the dagger, "for I see plenty of things here which will occupy my attention for a good five or ten minutes."

The Jew thanked him and hurried off to attend to his new patrons, and Robert Lidiard, peering through the Moorish screen, watched the scene that followed, straining his ears not to miss a single word that was said.

He realised with a rush of fiendish joy that what he had hoped would happen had come to pass. Cecilia loved, and was beloved. He had only to look at her and Jack Howson to realise this, and he could have laughed aloud in pure devilry, for would he not be able to blast this new-found happiness with one word? Only the hour was not yet ripe. Let Cecilia feed herself on happiness a little longer, for the greater her joy now, the more her sorrow when she learnt the truth—the truth that Robert Lidiard was alive, and that she who had imagined herself free was bound.

(To be continued.)

THREE MORE DAYS ONLY.

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We are informed that owing to the enormous demand for the stupendous bargains offered by Messrs. Baker Booby and Co., of Wanstead, it is quite possible that they will have to be withdrawn even before Wednesday, the 19th inst., we therefore impress upon our readers the advisability of sending their orders at once. The most remarkable parcel is the 24s. one advertised in our issue of the 12th, which comprises a charming costume in an ever-wearing habit cloth in navy, black, green, grey, and brown, trimmed and finished in the latest style. There is no difficulty about fit as the only measurements you need give are round bust, sleeve length, waist measurement, and length of skirt in front. They who include without extra charge a pair of superior all-wool cashmere stockings, a pair of B.B. corsets, a large white silk collar, a chic tam-shaped hat, daintily trimmed, a moreen underskirt, and a lovely canvas blouse. If you wish to make certain of securing this wonderful parcel for Easter we strongly advise you to remit 24s. and 6d. postage to-day. Address Baker Booby and Co., 49a, Wanstead, Essex.

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Sketch, in White or Light Grey ... 16/6

Richer qualities in White or the

New Lynx Shade ... 21/-

In Natural or Black ... 14/6

DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

